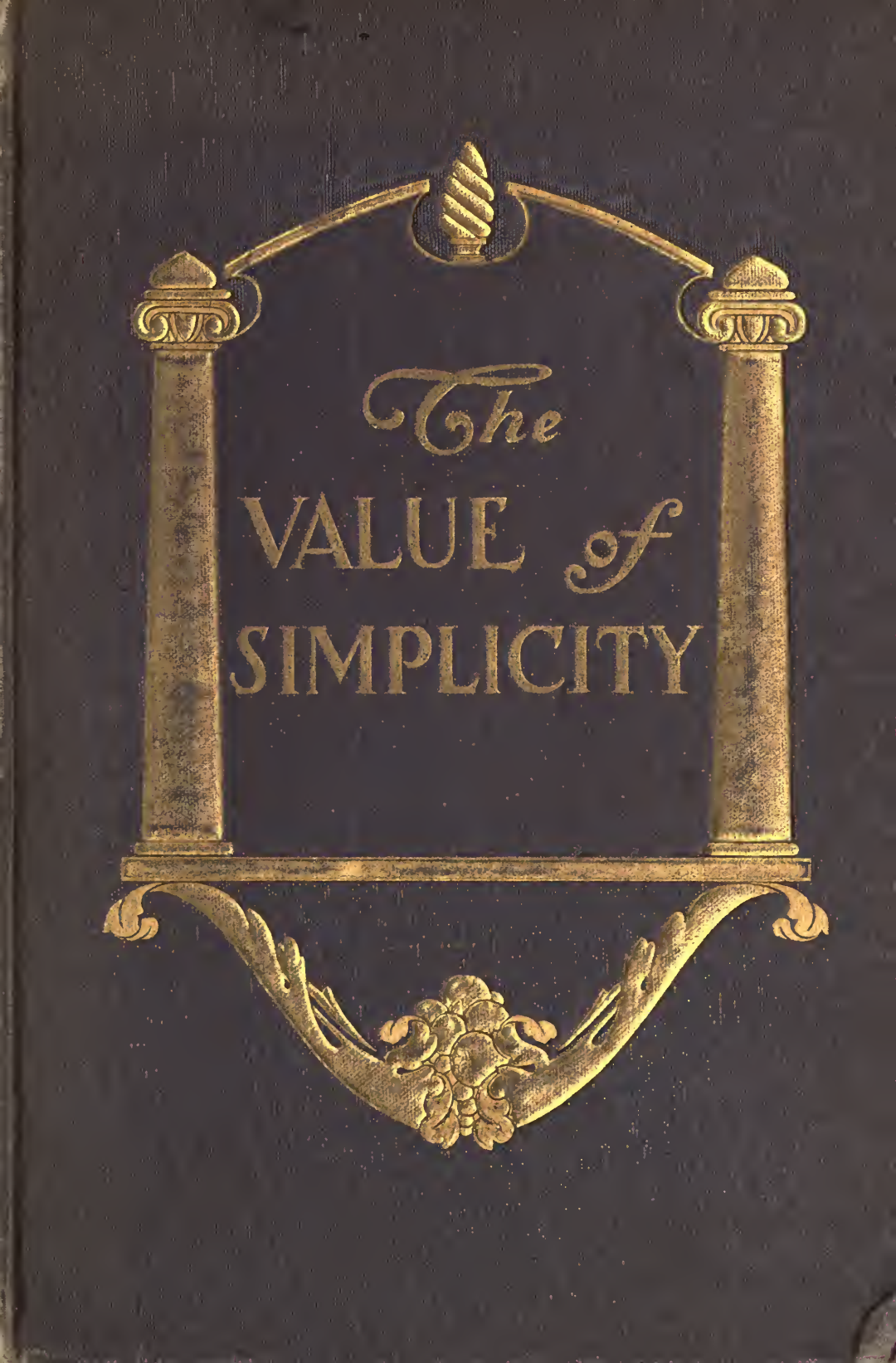
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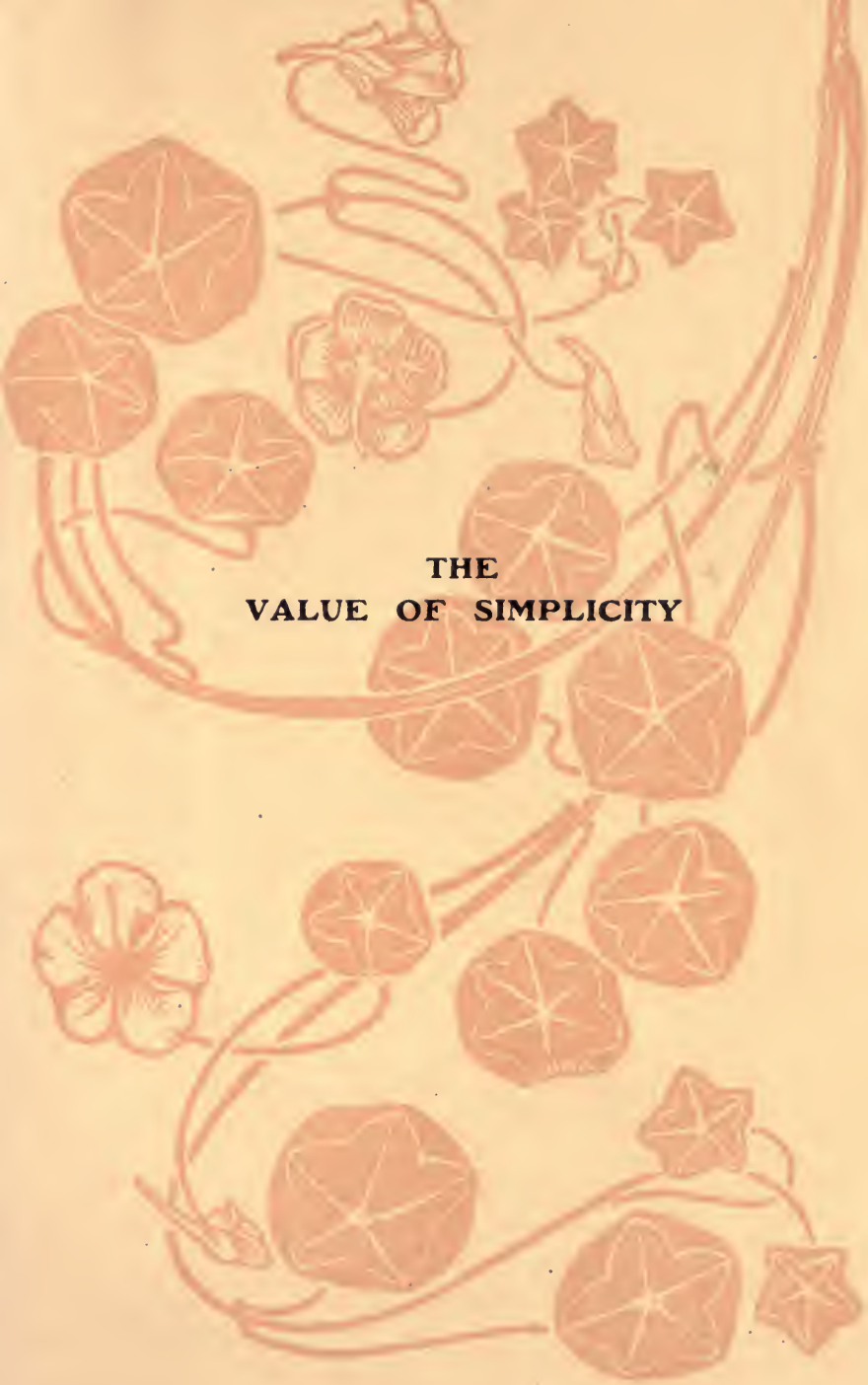

# THE VALUE OF SIMPLICITY

# THE VALUE of SIMPLICITY

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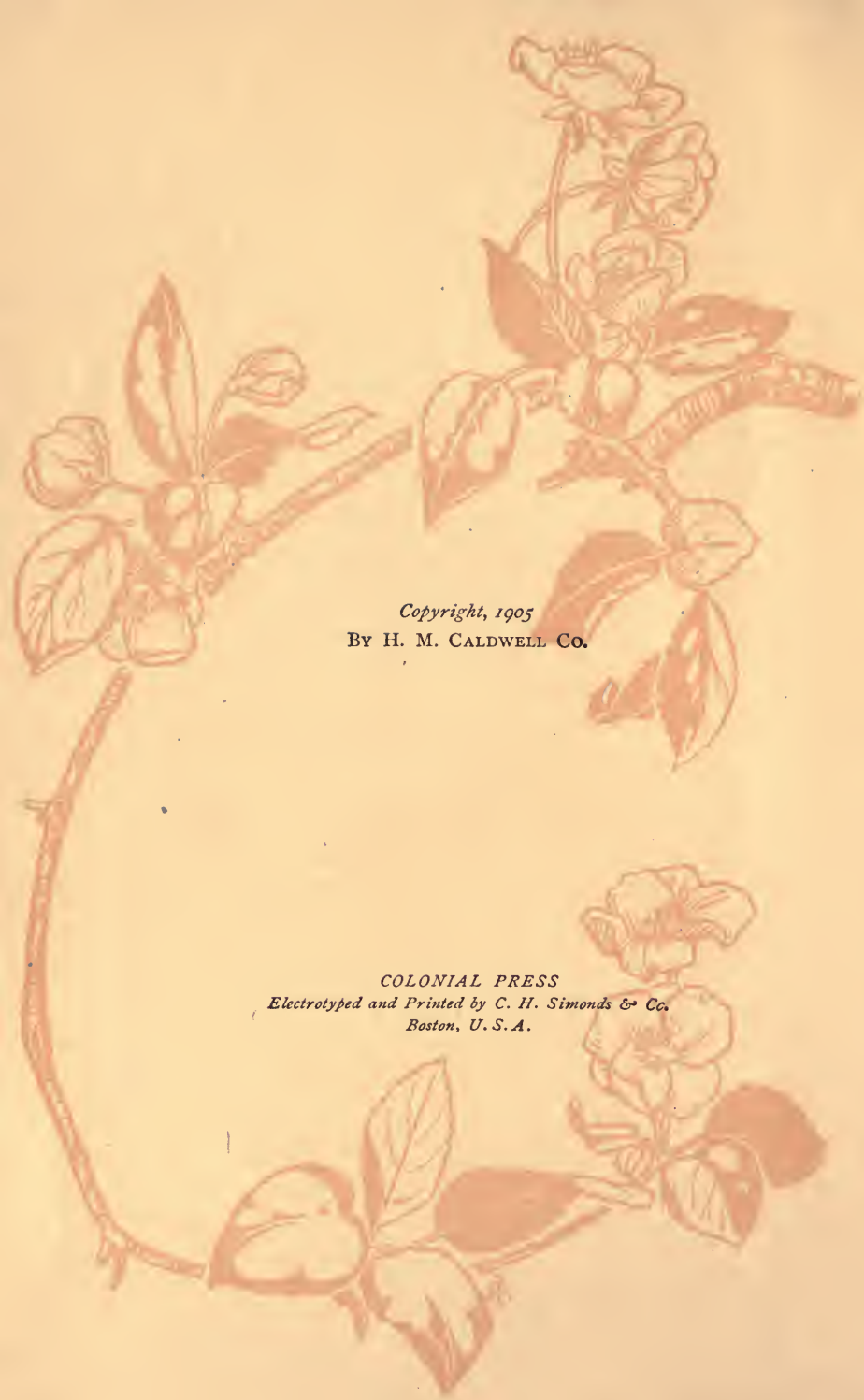

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# INTRODUCTION

We are living in an age of show and splendour. The ambitions of society have grown with its achievements, and a spirit of excess has come to prevail among us which is likely to bring with it a deterioration of public taste and sentiment. There is need to bring to our remembrance the examples of a life less cumbered with exaggeration than that of our own time. If our Republic is to continue, we who form it must be republican in our judgment and feeling. Neither the manly nor the womanly virtues will thrive in an atmosphere that breeds perpetual unrest.

We, children of the Puritans, are surely not altogether made for a career of fuss and feathers. Our living must come out of the plain earth. Our spiritual growth is maintained by certain vital principles, which cannot be discerned in the excitement of perpetual pleasure-seeking.

In order to ascertain where we stand and whither we tend, we must put aside the show and glitter of mere frivolity, and give ourselves room and leisure for the lessons of deeper thought.

It sometimes seems as if the opposing elements

of human nature took shape in periods of plus and minus. The history of art shows us generations which desire and seek exuberance in ornament and in style. We Americans have passed through a season of wearisome adornment, in which some sort of aesthetic disguise was invented for the familiar pieces of household furniture. We hung embroidered scarfs on easel and mantelpiece, and made portières take the place of doors. I have even heard of places remote from centres of civilization in which well-meaning housewives adorned or disfigured the walls of their houses with strips of cotton cloth, worked in gaudy crewels. A change of feeling takes place, and these superfluities are swept away, pleasing no more.

The thesis which I advance is this. Human beings of normal character and condition are satisfied only with enjoyments which exercise their best faculties, to wit, the perception of beauty and harmony, and of the high ideals of thought and conduct to which humanity is able to aspire. To these noble satisfactions luxury presents a bar. It will have us occupied with itself, and so diverts our attention from what we should most covet to enjoy.

Let us take for an instance the pleasure which good music ought to give. This pleasure is of so high a grade that one should bring to it calm thought and concentrated attention.

# INTRODUCTION

Fashionables at an opera regard little the fine harmonies presented. They chatter, flirt, and gossip. The artists feel this neglect and can derive no inspiration from an audience so behaving. Dress, personal ambition and restless activity fill the minds of their hearers, and the divine lesson of high contentment is not learned.

Life is full of oracles, sources of delight and instruction which can lift it with a fine inspiration. But in order to profit by the oracles we must listen to them, and not to the noise of the streets.

We claim to derive our ideas of beauty from ancient Greece. We should remember that simplicity was a ruling element in Greek art. We shall find it in the structure of their temples, in the perfection of their sculpture, in the stern majesty of their drama, and not less in their immortal philosophy. Greece in time lost her hold upon these great possessions, but they became the property of the human world for all ages. In the literature of Rome, we find traces of the great inheritance. Virgil takes up the tale of Troy where Homer left it. Cicero quotes and expounds Aristotle. The poet Horace, proud of imitating the metres of Greek poetry, preserves also something of its spirit. Let us quote, for example, the ode beginning with this line:

"Persicos odi, puer, apparatus,"

of which Mr. Thackeray has left us an amusing paraphrase.

Well might the poet deprecate the Oriental luxury which was destined to undermine the splendid edifice of Roman supremacy. Horace was no ascetic, and the element of pleasure has full scope in his verse. But he finds this pleasure in simplicity of life, and his appreciation of it constantly finds expression in his poems. He invites one friend to share his frugal repast and indifferent wine.

"Vile potabis modi cis Sabinum cantharis."

He admonishes another that the miser's treasure, buried in the earth, neither shines nor delights. He once boasts:

"Pauperum me dives petit."

"The rich man visits me, the poor man"—well content to be poor in this world's goods while he is rich in what he values far more. The luxury of congenial work, of simple and sincere companionship, the view of the snow-crowned hills, the glow of his winter fire, above all, the atmosphere of mental calm and equilibrium, these are the delights that prompt his song. Well does he say of this last that it will be heard "as long as the high priest and silent vestal shall

ascend the steps of the Capitol." Yes, and how much longer?

This simplicity, beloved of the ancients, has not altogether lacked votaries in modern times. Prominent among these appears the poet Wordsworth, who has sung of his retired life and rural surroundings like a true lover of nature. Where but in the grandeur and solitude of the hills could he have had the vision which embodied itself in the Ode to Immortality, by far his greatest achievement?

What is it that consecrates the village of Concord in Massachusetts, so that pilgrims from all parts of this country and of Europe are fain to visit it? The question is easy to answer. It is the memory of certain men of superior mind who made it their home. All of them lived simply, some of them poorly. Alcott, Thoreau, Hawthorne, Emerson. I name them in the ascending scale of their eminence. The air of Concord still seems bright with their presence. The stones which their feet trod are holy ground. The human world is radiant with their thoughts and example.

Philosophers and aesthetes agree to adopt the Greek motto, Μηδεν ἀγαν, "not too much" of anything, however praiseworthy and pleasurable in itself. The New Testament saying that one cannot at the same time serve God and mammon is a simple statement of a fact. Our intellectual

life cannot proceed in two opposite directions at the same time. The diversity of objects which multiplies our sensations tends to confuse our perceptions. Drawn hither and thither by illusive attractions, we may easily lose sight of the lodestar which should guide each of us to the attainment of "our being's end and way," to wit, the obligation which rests upon each of us to do his best for his own day and generation.

Cowper pictures for us a Roman of the Republican time who "enjoyed, spare feast, an apple and an egg." Browning draws a graceful sketch of some great Spanish author, presumably Cervantes, playing at cribbage with his maid servant, and supping on a cheese paring and a morsel of fruit. Dante recalls with regret the days in which he saw his noblest friend walk abroad in plainest attire, girt with a leathern belt and horn buckle. All of the great spirits have sought and loved simplicity.

We will not insist that there is nothing to be said in defence of the florid ornamentation which in some periods of history, and among certain races, has stood for the ideals of beauty and of majesty. A Gothic cathedral may represent a devout purpose as well or better than a Greek temple. But the attention of the worshipper, if bestowed upon details of ornamentation, is diverted from objects more sublime. If you would

contemplate these you must absent yourself in thought from the others.

Why is it that persons to whom the entertainments of the great world are familiar often express intense delight in exchanging these for rural retirement, unceremonious converse, and simple fare? To many it would appear that in retiring from worldly splendour such persons would relinquish their principal sources of enjoyment. The truth is that such a course brings into view sources of real, uplifting pleasure: the sweet breath of the fields and woods, surpassing every artificial perfume, the beauty of earth, sea, and sky, eclipsing the products of the loom and easel, above all, the noble symphonies of contemplative thought. To one initiated, these can easily take the place of compliment and display.

Let us then seek to obtain a clear vision of the true object of life, and follow it with a strong determination not to fail from its pursuit. The great primal duties bring many minor ones in their train, but between the greater and the less we shall find here no incompatibility. The highest enjoyments shed their charm on the whole sum and substance of human experience. But we must be careful to choose the highest duty and the noblest satisfaction.

One of the evils attendant upon wealth is that those who have it not are apt to regard those

who have it either with a slavish reverence or with a rancorous envy. Here we may suggest an important distinction. We should not show any especial reverence to the possessor of wealth as such, but we may rightly reverence those who use it with a noble beneficence. The poorest man had best not envy Mr. Carnegie his immense fortune, but any of us may envy his power of parting with so much of it as he does for objects in no wise personal to himself.

JULIA WARD HOWE.

Boston, July 1, 1905.

# THE VALUE OF SIMPLICITY

Often ornateness
Goes with greatness;
Oftener felicity
Comes of simplicity.

*William Watson.*

I am convinced, both by faith and experience, that to maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely; as the pursuits of the simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial.

*H. D. Thoreau.*

A servant, with this clause,
Makes drudgery divine:
Who sweeps a room, as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

*George Herbert.*

## THE VALUE OF

It is far more difficult to be simple than to be complicated; far more difficult to sacrifice skill and cease exertion in the proper place, than to expend both indiscriminately.

*Ruskin.*

The World is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;

It moves us not, — Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn, —
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

*William Wordsworth.*

The man whose character is simple looks truth and honesty so straight in the face that he has no consciousness of intrigue and corruption around him.

*William George Jordan.*

## SIMPLICITY

Mine be a cot beside the hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe my ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church among the trees,
Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze
And point with taper spire to Heaven.

*S. Rogers.*

And he was kind, and loved to sit
In the low hut or garnish'd cottage,
And praise the farmer's homely wit,
And share the widow's homelier pottage:
At his approach complaint grew mild;
And when his hand unbarr'd the shutter,
The clammy lips of fever smiled
The welcome which they could not utter.

*Winthrop Mackworth Praed.*

## THE VALUE OF

Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter, fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years, slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease
Together mix'd; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

*Alexander Pope.*

o o o

We are not simple enough to be happy and to render others so. We lack the singleness of heart and the self-forgetfulness.

*Charles Wagner.*

## SIMPLICITY

Purity and simplicity are the two wings with which man soars above the earth and all temporary nature. Simplicity is in the intention, purity in the affection; simplicity turns to God; purity unites with and enjoys Him.

*Thomas à Kempis.*

The world could not exist if it were not simple. This ground has been tilled a thousand years, yet its powers remain ever the same; a little rain, a little sun, and each spring it grows green again.

*Goethe.*

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art.

*Oliver Goldsmith.*

Why should not our furniture be as simple as the Arab's or the Indian's? When I think of the benefactors of the race, whom we have apotheosized as messengers from heaven, bearers of divine gifts to man, I do not see in my mind any retinue at their heels, any car-load of fashionable furniture.

*H. D. Thoreau.*

## THE VALUE OF

Who drives the horses of the sun
  Shall lord it but a day;
Better the lowly deed were done,
  And kept the humble way.

The rust will find the sword of fame,
  The dust will hide the crown;
Ay, none shall nail so high his name
  Time will not tear it down.

The happiest heart that ever beat
  Was in some quiet breast
That found the common daylight sweet,
  And left to Heaven the rest.

*John Vance Cheney.*

Your shepherd is very near to earth. He grows up from her lap, he never quite leaves her bosom; he is her foster-child. He may hear her heart-beats and drink of her tears. If she smiles he knoweth why. He has listened and he knoweth. She telleth him her secret thoughts; all the day long he may lie close in her arms. No man so proper for that sweet bed; no man may be so ready to die and mingle with her.

*Maurice Hewlett.*

Simplicity is a jewel rarely found.

*Ovid.*

## SIMPLICITY

How some women could simplify in their clothing and gain in attractiveness! ("There are some upon whom rich clothes weep," says Montaigne.) We men are too plain already in the hideous ugliness of our garments. We have forgotten that our male ancestors ever wore brilliant-coloured clothes a couple of centuries ago. But I imagine Thoreau could give us points as to superfluous wearing apparel, and I like to think of the home-made grass raincoat (mino) of the Japanese. Think, too, of the elegant taste of a Japanese house, entirely suited to their ways and their warm climate; a kakemono and a flower-vase in the recess (tokonomo) of the guest-room, or parlour; a fire-proof vault holding their art treasures; rooms floored with soft, thick, white mats, but cluttered up with no high tables, no chairs, no stoves or fires, no washing-stands, bureaus. In all the house no forks, spoons, table-cloths, drinking-glasses, no flour, no pots or pans, and above all no bonnets for the women!

*William S. Kennedy.*

Nature gives herself without reserve to all who come to inquire of her. But she is a jealous mistress and must be loved alone. If we love works of art it is because they come from her. All the rest is pedantry and emptiness.

*Jean François Millet.*

## THE VALUE OF

The man of life upright,
  Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
  Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days
  In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude
  Nor sorrow discontent:

That man needs neither towers
  Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
  From thunder's violence:

He only can behold
  With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep
  And terrors of the skies.

Thus scorning all the cares
  That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
  His wisdom heavenly things;

Good thoughts his only friends,
  His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
  And quiet pilgrimage.

*Thomas Campion.*

## SIMPLICITY

Small fields are mine; a small and guiltless rent:
In both I prize the quiet of content.

*Avienus.*

The farther we advance in knowledge, the more simplicity shall we discover in those primary rules that regulate all the apparently endless, complicated, and multiform operations of the Godhead.

*Caleb Colton.*

Now when we come to the question of good citizenship, the first requisite is that a man shall do the homely, every-day, humdrum duties well. A man is not a good citizen, I do not care how lofty his thoughts are about citizenship in the abstract, if in the concrete his actions do not bear them out, and it does not make much difference how high are his aspirations for mankind at large if he does not behave well in his own family, those aspirations are not going to bear very visible fruit.

He has got to be a good breadwinner, he has got to take care of his wife and children, he has got to be a neighbour whom his neighbours can trust. He has got to act squarely in his business relations — he has got to do all those every-day and ordinary things first or he is not a good citizen.

*Theodore Roosevelt.*

She did not seem to know that she was admired or hated for being so perfect, but went on calmly through life, saying her prayers, loving her family, helping her neighbours, and doing good.

*W. M. Thackeray.*

Simplicity cuts off waste and intensifies concentration. It converts flickering torches into search-lights.

*William George Jordan.*

I have been out to-day in field and wood,
Listening to praises sweet and counsel good,
Such as a little child had understood,
That in its tender youth,
Discerns the simple eloquence of truth.

The modest blossoms, crowding round my way,
Though they had nothing great or grand to say,
Gave out their fragrance to the wind all day;
Because his loving breath,
With soft persistence, won them back from death.

*Phœbe Cary.*

If you wish to be like a little child, study what a little child could understand, — Nature; and do what a little child could do, — love.

*Charles Kingsley.*

## SIMPLICITY

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?
O sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed?
O punishment!

*T. Dekker.*

The great man is he who does not lose his child's heart.

*Mencius.*

Happy were he could finish forth his fate
In some unhaunted desert, where, obscure
From all society, from love and hate
Of worldly folk, there should he sleep secure;

Then wake again, and yield God ever praise;
Content with hip, with haws, and brambleberry;
In contemplation passing still his days,
And change of holy thoughts to make him merry:

Who, when he dies, his tomb might be the bush
Where harmless robin resteth with the thrush:
—Happy were he!

*Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex.*

The spirit of simplicity is not an inherited gift, but the result of a laborious conquest. Plain living, like high thinking, is simplification.

*Charles Wagner.*

## THE VALUE OF

Moods and tastes and fashions change; people fancy now this and now that; but what is unpretentious and what is true is always beautiful and good, and nothing else is so.

*W. D. Howells.*

The pedigree of honey
Does not concern the bee;
A clover, any time, to him
Is aristocracy.

*Emily Dickinson.*

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness:—
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction,—
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthrals the crimson stomacher,—
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly,—
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat,—
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility,—
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

*Robert Herrick.*

## SIMPLICITY

How many million stars must shine
Which only God can see! —
Yet in the sky His hand has hung
Ten thousand stars for me!

How many blossoms bloom and fade
Which only God can know! —
Yet here's my field of buttercups,
And here my daisies blow.

How many wing-paths through the blue
Lure swallows up and down —
Yet here's my little garden walk,
And yon's the road to town!

How many a treacherous voice has wooed
Unhappy feet to roam —
Yet God has taught my willing ear
The sounds of love and home!

*Frederic Lawrence Knowles.*

O, when I am safe in my sylvan home,
I tread on the pride of Greece and Rome;
And when I am stretched beneath the pines,
Where the evening star so holy shines,
I laugh at the lore and pride of man,
At the sophist schools and the learned clan;
For what are they all, in their high conceit,
When man in the bush with God may meet?

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

## THE VALUE OF

Through the simplest exercises the student passes to the more serious études; and from the latter to an appreciative interpretation of those thoughts expressed in the "inarticulate, mystic speech of music." Who will say that the simplest exercises were less important in the grand economy of development than the most brilliant étude? And had the former composer refused to contribute, how could the latter have been reached?

*Jeanne G. Pennington.*

Native simplicity has an influence on the mind, that art or knowledge of the world can never boast.

*T. Ingmethorpe.*

There is one show of breeding vulgarity seldom assumes, — simplicity.

*George Macdonald.*

Oh, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread;
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!

. . . . . .

I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

*J. G. Whittier.*

## SIMPLICITY

Poetry grows more and more an intellectual pleasure for the cultured classes, less and less a possession of the people. Elizabethan song was upon the lips of the milkmaids and market-women, the common ear was trained to grace and melody; but how many of the country folk of to-day know the involved numbers of our poets, or, knowing, could grasp them? Who is writing the lays of the people? One can only answer that few are writing them, because the spirit of poetic art has suffered a sea-change into something rich and strange, and the poet of to-day would be fearful of his laurels should he write so artless a song as "Gather ye rose-buds while ye may," or "Come live with me and be my love," and yet these are beads that Time tells over on the rosary of Art.

*Jessie B. Rittenhouse.*

How simple a thing is true religion, and yet from the beginning how men have sought to make it hard and difficult!

*Malcolm J. McLeod.*

The highest duties oft are found
Lying on the lowest ground,
In hidden and unnoticed ways,
In household works, on common days.

*Monsell.*

## THE VALUE OF

To dress, to call, to dine, to break
No canon of the social code,
The little laws that lackeys make,
The futile decalogue of Mode, —
How many a soul for these things lives,
With pious passion, grave intent!
While Nature, careless handed, gives
The things that are more excellent.

*William Watson.*

Live with simplicity if you would live well; bread with hunger makes a feast.

*Epicurus.*

The greatest truths are the simplest.

*Hosea Ballou.*

Simple may be contrasted with manifold. In that sense it is almost synonymous with single, fewness, littleness. A simple life would then be a life of very few, not manifold wants — as few as possible, and those easily satisfied. Diogenes would be leading a simple life, and so the man who, according to the anecdote, threw away his cup and drank water from the hollow of his hand.

*Felix Adler.*

## SIMPLICITY

Simplicity should be a leading object in every attempt to impress the youthful mind; the simplest is always most grand and sublime.

*J. W. Barker.*

Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed:
In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
But verging to decline, its splendours rise;
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise:
While, scourged by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band,
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms — a garden and a grave.

*Oliver Goldsmith.*

Simplicity of life is directness of life. It is life treated without hurry, apology, or panic. The simple life is the life that enjoys the closest relations with reality. I plough the land. I make a chair. I lay bricks. Am I nearer reality in any one art than in any other? I am near reality when I am honest. Reality is simplicity. Simplicity is life. The farm must answer the question of reality. The workshop and the machine have the same question to answer. There is only one question and only one answer, but there may be many answerers.

*Horace Traubel.*

If I can stop one heart from breaking,
I shall not live in vain;
If I can ease one life the aching,
Or cool one pain,
Or help one fainting robin
Unto his nest again,
I shall not live in vain.

*Emily Dickinson.*

Nothing is more simple than greatness; indeed, to be simple is to be great.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Our reading should be selected with the utmost care. We should take that which will confirm our desire for simplicity rather than the work of those authors who have lived artificial lives, and have constantly impressed upon their books their admiration for the magnificent and the vain, the extravagant, the unhealthful.

*John Brisben Walker.*

Teach me the secret of thy innocence,
That in simplicity I may grow wise,
Asking from Art no other recompense
Than the approval of her own just eyes.

*Madison Cawein.*

## SIMPLICITY

### SIMPLE NATURE

Be it not mine to steal the cultured flower
From any garden of the rich and great,
Nor seek with care, through many a weary hour,
Some novel form of wonder to create.
Enough for me the leafy woods to rove,
And gather simple cups of morning dew,
Or, in the fields and meadows that I love,
Find beauty in their bells of every hue.
Thus round my cottage floats a fragrant air,
And though the rustic plot be humbly laid,
Yet, like the lilies gladly growing there,
I have not toil'd, but take what God has made.
My Lord Ambition pass'd, and smiled in scorn;
I pluck'd a rose, and, lo! it had no thorn.

*G. H. Romanes.*

Simplicity is not a talent like music; it is not a strength or infirmity of our nature like self-control or selfishness; it is not a fruit of the Spirit like love; it is an attitude, an attitude of receptiveness.

*Malcolm J. McLeod.*

Courts are but only superficial schools
To dandle fools.

*Lord Bacon.*

## THE VALUE OF

When Socrates passed through shops of toys and ornaments, he cried out, "How many things are here which I do not need!" And the same expression may every man make who surveys the common accommodations of life.

*Dr. Samuel Johnson.*

Simplicity is Nature's first step, and the last of Art.

*P. J. Bailey.*

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone or despise;
For nought which sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

*James Russell Lowell.*

There is a majesty in simplicity which is far above the quaintness of wit.

*Alexander Pope.*

Simplify your life. Live as if you were not wealthy. That is the only true rule for the wealthy.

*Felix Adler.*

## SIMPLICITY

Simplicity is not trying to be. Simplicity is sincerity, naturalness, manliness, self-government, the subordination of the lower to the higher, of the higher to the highest — in one word, sacrifice; or if a fuller phrase be asked, finding the divine plan and fulfilling it.

*Malcolm J. McLeod.*

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow;
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

*Andrew Marvell.*

A simple, guileless, childlike man,
Content to live where life began;
Strong only on his native grounds,
The little world of sights and sounds
Whose girdle was the parish bounds.

*J. G. Whittier.*

The circumstances in which men of wealth live are antagonistic to the simple life.

*Felix Adler.*

## THE VALUE OF

Simplicity means the survival, — not of the fittest, but of the best.

*William George Jordan.*

The French woman, at an afternoon or evening party, may be as beautifully and stylishly dressed as you like, there is always about her dress a certain little touch of simplicity that will make you think that somewhere in her wardrobe she keeps some frock or gown still more beautiful, stylish, and expensive.

*Max O'Rell.*

In such a time as this they only will be able to help their country in her need who have learned in early life the great lessons of simplicity and self-denial, and I don't hesitate to say that the worst education which teaches simplicity and self-denial is better than the best which teaches all else but this.

The first aim, then, for your time and your generation should be, to foster, each in yourselves, and each in your school, a simple and self-denying life — your ideal, to be a true and useful one, must have these two characteristics before all others.

*Thomas Hughes.*

## SIMPLICITY

### THE MEN OF OLD

I know not that the men of old
  Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
  Of more ingenuous brow:
I heed not those who pine for force
  A ghost of Time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
  Of these appointed days.

To them was life a simple art
  Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
  A race where all must run;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
  They little cared to know,
Content, as men at arms, to cope
  Each with his fronting foe.

Man now his Virtue's diadem
  Puts on and proudly wears,
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,
  Like instincts, unawares:
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
  With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds,
  As noble boys at play.

*Richard Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton).*

Let such as love the eagle's scream
Divide with him his home of ice:
For me shall gentler notes suffice,—
The valley song of bird and stream.

*J. G. Whittier.*

Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
In wit a man, simplicity a child.

*Alexander Pope.*

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream.
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost—an angel fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
We've not proud nor soaring wings,
Our ambition, our content,
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim, unsounded sea,
Seeking only some calm clime;—
Touch us gently, gentle Time.

*Bryan Waller Procter.*

## SIMPLICITY

And here let me say, that expensive habits among the more prosperous labourers often interfere with the mental culture of themselves and their families. How many among them sacrifice improvement to appetite! How many sacrifice it to the love of show, to the desire of outstripping others, and to habits of expense which grow out of this insatiable passion! In a country so thriving and luxurious as ours, the labourer is in danger of contracting artificial wants and diseased tastes; and to gratify these, he gives himself wholly to accumulation, and sells his mind for gain. Our unparalleled prosperity has not been an unmixed good. It has inflamed cupidity, has diseased the imagination with dreams of boundless success, and plunged a vast multitude into excessive toils, feverish competitions, and exhausting cares. A labourer having secured a neat home and a wholesome table, should ask nothing more for the senses; but should consecrate his leisure, and what may be spared of his earnings, to the culture of himself and his family, to the best books, to the best teaching, to pleasant and profitable intercourse, to sympathy and the offices of humanity, and to the enjoyment of the beautiful in nature and art.

*William Ellery Channing.*

All great actions have been simple.

*Abraham Lincoln.*

## THE VALUE OF

It is not in the spirit of something far away in the clouds or under the moon, something ethereal, visionary, and antimundane, that Angelo, Dante, and Shakespeare work, but in the spirit of the common Nature and the homeliest facts: through these, and not away from them, the path of the creator lies.

*John Burroughs.*

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade, too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade, too,
With a barn for the use of the flail:
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow;
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honours await him to-morrow.

*Collins.*

The innocence that is so wise;
The trust that dreams of no disguise;
The simple faith in mysteries,—

These still shall in the world survive
So long as God doth children give,
To keep the child in us alive.

*Samuel Longfellow.*

## SIMPLICITY

In purple and fine linen
My country farmhouse shines,
The purple on the lilacs —
The linen on the lines.

*Frederic Lawrence Knowles.*

Albert Dürer, the famous painter, used to say he had no pleasure in pictures that were painted with many colours, but in those which were painted with a choice simplicity. So it is with me as to sermons.

*Martin Luther.*

We need love's tender lessons taught
As only weakness can:
God hath His small interpreters;
The child must teach the man.

*J. G. Whittier.*

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,
A rank adjudged by toil-won merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labour sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

*James Russell Lowell.*

Let it not be in any man's power to say truly of thee that thou art not simple, or that thou art not good; but let him be a liar whoever shall think anything of this kind about thee; and this is altogether in thy power. For who is he that shall hinder thee from being good and simple?

*Marcus Aurelius.*

The greatest truths are the simplest; and so are the greatest men.

*Hare.*

Her occupation was only to live her daily life; her accomplishments were the knowledge of a few songs; her intellectual gifts were summed up in her simple innocence.

*Victor Hugo.*

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

*John Keble.*

Calm soul of all things! make it mine
To feel amid the cities' jar
That there abides a peace of thine
Man did not make and cannot mar.

*Matthew Arnold.*

## SIMPLICITY

Whenever vanity and gaiety, a love of pomp and dress, furniture, equipage, buildings, great company, expensive diversions, and elegant entertainments get the better of the principles and judgments of men and women, there is no knowing where they will stop, nor into what evils, natural, moral, or political, they will lead us.

*John Adams.*

Quiet, Lord, my froward heart:
  Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,—
  Make me as a weanèd child:
From distrust and envy free,
  Pleased with all that pleases Thee.

What Thou shalt to-day provide,
  Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
  Calmly to Thy wisdom leave;
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care:
  Why should I the burden bear?

As a little child relies
  On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
  Fears to stir a step alone;
Let me thus with Thee abide,
  As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

*John Newton.*

## THE VALUE OF

The most agreeable of all companions is a simple, frank man, without any high pretensions to an oppressive greatness — one who loves life, and understands the use of it; obliging alike at all hours; above all, of a golden temper, and steadfast as an anchor; for such an one, we gladly exchange the greatest genius, the most brilliant wit, the profoundest thinker, and the brightest scholar.

*Lessing.*

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

*Thomas Gray.*

The more I see of the world, the more I am satisfied that simplicity is inseparably the companion of true greatness; I never yet knew a truly great man, a man who overtopped his fellow man, who did not possess a certain playful, almost infantile, simplicity; true greatness never struts on the stilts, or plays the king on the stage; conscious of its elevation, and knowledge in what elevation consists, it is happy to act its part as other men in the common amusement and business of mankind; it is not afraid of being undervalued.

*T. Gale.*

## SIMPLICITY

It matters little where I was born,
  Whether my parents were rich or poor,
Whether they shrank from the cold world's scorn
  Or walked in the pride of wealth secure;
But whether I live an honest man,
  And hold my integrity firm in my clutch,
I tell you, brother, plain as I am,
  It matters much.

*From the Swedish.*

Be simple, be unaffected, be honest in your speaking and writing: never use a long word where a short one will do.

*Alford.*

We have grown up surrounded by a thousand unwise, false, or unnecessary customs. Because it is the "custom," we think we must imitate. It is difficult for the mind to separate things as they should be from things as they are. "That is the way of the neighbourhood; therefore it must be our way." To separate ourselves from the false and unreal requires clear thinking. It is only by a wrench that we break away. Yet there cannot be simplicity of life without this separation mentally and actually; not what is the custom, but what is logical, what is in good taste, should be our constant effort to determine.

*John Brisben Walker.*

## THE VALUE OF

Our social joys are more than fame,
Life withers in the public look.
Why mount the pillory of a book,
Or barter comfort for a name?

*J. G. Whittier.*

Simplicity means making for the important things, and not allowing the unimportant, the superfluous, to get in the way.

*Felix Adler.*

No character can be simple unless it is based on truth, — unless it is lived in harmony with one's own conscience and ideals.

*William George Jordan.*

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powdered, still perfumed, —
Lady, it is to be presumed,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free, —
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all the adulteries of art;
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

*Ben Jonson.*

## SIMPLICITY

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never — in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common; this is to be my symphony.

*William Henry Channing.*

There is no rhyme that is half so sweet
As the song of the wind in the rippling wheat;
There is no metre that's half so fine
As the lilt of the brook under rock and vine;
And the loveliest lyric I ever heard
Was the wildwood strain of a forest bird.

*Madison Cawein.*

Simple hearts put all the history and customs of this world behind them, and play their own play in innocent defiance of the blue-laws of the world; and such would appear, could we see the human race assembled in vision, like little children frolicking together, though to the eyes of mankind at large they wear a stately and solemn garb of works and influences.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

## THE VALUE OF

You want to get simple, clear, universal religion? You cannot get it by any patchwork, saying to yourself, "Now I am going to study a little Buddhism, then a little Calvinism, now a little Liberalism. There is truth in all these things; by putting them all together I can find a broader religion." Confusion worse confounded can be the only result of that. But suppose you do not try to do that at all. Suppose you ask yourself simply this: "What, to me, is the best and highest conception of religion? What is the best gift a man can have?" When you are looking only for the best you pass lightly over wearisome controversies, but you come at last to great utterances that arrest your attention. Take, for instance, the words of the old prophet: "What doth God require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?" At this your heart kindles. You say, "I can believe that; that is true religion."

*Samuel M. Crothers.*

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
For I have neither wit, nor word, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on.

*Shakespeare.*

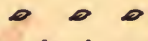
## SIMPLICITY

Simplicity is the great friend to nature, and if I would be proud of anything in this silly world, it should be of this honest alliance.

*Sterne.*

To give pleasure to a single heart by a single kind act is better than a thousand head-bowings in prayer.

*Saadi.*



What though no rule of courtly grace
To measured mood had train'd her pace,—
A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread;
What though upon her speech there hung
The accent of the mountain tongue,
Those silver sounds, so soft, so clear,
The list'ner held his breath to hear.

*Sir Walter Scott.*

But when they stripped him of his ornaments
It was the baubles lost their grace, not he.

. . . . . .

It seemed the soul within him made his limbs
And made them grand. The baubles were well gone,
He stood the more a king, when bared to man.

*George Eliot.*

## THE VALUE OF

We are dazzled with the splendour of titles, the ostentation of learning, the noise of victories; they, on the contrary, see the philosopher in the cottage, who possesses his soul in patience and thankfulness, under the pressures of what little minds call poverty and distress. They do not look for great men at the head of armies, or among the pomps of a court, but often find them out in shades and solitudes, in the private walks and by-paths of life. The evening's walk of a wise man is more illustrious in their sight than the march of a general at the head of a hundred thousand men. A contemplation on God's works; a voluntary act of justice to our own detriment; a generous concern for the good of mankind; tears that are shed in silence for the misery of others; a private desire or resentment broken and subdued; in short, an unfeigned exercise of humility, or any other virtue — are such actions as are glorious in their sight, and denominate men great and reputable. The most famous among us are often looked upon with pity, with contempt, or with indignation; while those who are most obscure among their own species are regarded with love, with approbation, and esteem.

*The Spectator.*

Simplicity of character is the natural result of profound thought.

*Hazlitt.*

## SIMPLICITY

After all, of what use is this pride of appearance, for which so much is risked, so much is suffered? It cannot promote health or ease pain; it makes no increase of merit in the person; it creates envy; it hastens misfortune.

"What is a butterfly? At best,
He's but a caterpillar drest,
The gaudy fop's his picture just,"

as Poor Richard says.

*Benjamin Franklin.*

There can be, I fear, no question that the outside world has been reflected in our schools. I hear on all sides stories of increased expenditure of all kinds. There must be fancy dresses for all games, and boys are made to feel uncomfortable who do not conform to the fashion, or who practise such useful and often necessary economies as wearing old clothes or travelling third-class. You know whether such things are true here. If they are, they are sapping true manliness, and tainting our national life at its roots.

*Thomas Hughes.*

In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

*Longfellow.*

Give to me the life I love,
  Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
  And the by-way nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
  Bread I dip in the river —
There's the life for a man like me,
  There's the life for ever.

*R. L. Stevenson.*

In our reading it would be an excellent thing if we could establish the rule of neglecting the unimportant, the superfluous, and devoting our time and attention to the really important things. The present condition in literature is like that which is said to have prevailed on earth immediately after Noah entered the ark. A deluge has set in. It rains and rains books and reviews and magazines and pamphlets; and then there are the newspapers. The flood rises higher and higher. It comes into our houses, empties itself on our book-shelves, and loads our tables. We are up to our necks in it, and in alarm we cry that we shall drown!

*Felix Adler.*

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.

*William Wordsworth.*

## SIMPLICITY

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art;
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the heart,
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well-pleas'd, the language of the soul,
And in His Book of Life the inmates poor enroll.

*Robert Burns.*

In the effort to appreciate various forms of greatness, let us not underestimate the value of a simply good life. Just to be good; to keep life pure from degrading elements, to make it constantly helpful in little ways to those who are touched by it, to keep one's spirit always sweet, and avoid all manner of petty anger and irritability — that is an ideal as noble as it is difficult.

*Edward Howard Griggs.*

## FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

Is there for honest poverty
Wha hings his head, an' a' that?
The coward slave, we pass him by;
We dare be poor for a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
Our toils obscure, an' a' that;

## THE VALUE OF

The rank is but the guinea's stamp,—
  The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
  Wear hoddin gray, an' a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,—
  A man's a man for a' that.
For a' that an' a' that,
  Their tinsel show, an' a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
  Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd a lord,
  Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that,—
Though hundreds worship at his word,
  He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, an' a' that,
  His riband, star, an' a' that;
The man of independent mind,
  He looks an' laughs at a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,—
  As come it will for a' that,—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
  May bear the gree, an' a' that.
For a' that, an' a' that,
  It's comin' yet, for a' that,—
When man to man, the warld o'er,
  Shall brithers be for a' that!

*Robert Burns.*

## SIMPLICITY

Some genuine exhibitions in living simply are being given by the Japanese. It is not a fad with them. It is conviction and reality. We may argue until the crack of doom about the relative height reached by civilization in Asia and America. The question is too general for absolute decision. But on some specific points no doubt exists, and plain living as an adjunct to high acting is one of them. The record of the Japanese hospitals is the most brilliant of all their accomplishments in this war.[1] They may or may not surpass Europeans in various military attributes. They are, however, as shown by their official reports, just seventy times as proficient as Americans in fighting disease, and the Boer War put the English in this respect about where the Spanish War put us. Out of twenty-five thousand cases of serious illness the Japanese lose forty. From typhoid they lose, between May 6th and December 1st, three out of 133; from dysentery, four out of 342. It is fair to assume that their ability in preventing disease is at least as great, relatively, as in curing it. When Napoleon said that in war sickness was a more dangerous foe than bullets, it was true, and it remained true until the Japanese appeared upon the scene. Can we imitate them? It will be no easy matter, for their medical success depends in large part upon the willingness of soldiers to live

[1] The Russo-Japanese War.

hygienically. They do not eat for pleasure. They do not drink for fun. They are the only inspiring examples of what the simple life can do.

*Anon.*

If we look into the manners of the most remote ages of the world, we discover human nature in her simplicity: and the more we come downward toward our own times, may observe her hiding herself in artifices and refinements, polished insensibly out of her original plainness, and at length entirely lost under form and ceremony, and (what we call) good breeding. Read the accounts of men and women as they are given us by the most ancient writers, both sacred and profane, and you would think you were reading the history of another species.

*Joseph Addison.*

There is a great mistake made on the subject of simplicity; there is one simplicity of circumstance, another simplicity of heart; there is many a man who sits down to a meal of bread and milk on a wooden table, whose heart is as proud as the proudest whose birth is royal; there is many a one whose voice is heard in the public meeting loudly descanting on regal tyranny and aristocratic insolence, who, in his own narrow circle, is as much a tyrant as any oppressor.

*F. W. Robertson.*

## SIMPLICITY

Perhaps it is in the matter of amusements that one seeking to make a departure in the direction of "the simple life" has the best chance of exercising judgment. As each one must do his share of the world's work, so in order to restore to the body its capacity for labour there must be rest through sleep and rest through entertainment. As we must have exercise in the open air in order to be healthy, there is opportunity to select those things which are natural rather than the amusements which are artificial.

*John Brisben Walker.*

Most of American literature that we prize is in praise of the simple life, from the writings of Benjamin Franklin to those of John Burroughs, who both use simple English; and all our preachers, in and out of the pulpit, have made their best sermons about it — to name two laymen for examples, Charles William Eliot and Theodore Roosevelt.

To consider this a new gospel is the most ominous sign that our minds have been upholstered with cheap fiction, commercial living, and department-store decorations. It is as true as it is commonplace, by the way, that the simple life was perhaps never learned from sermons, but always in a home.

*Walter H. Page.*

Fair is the soul, rare is the soul
  Who has kept, after youth is past,
All the art of the child, all the heart of the child,
  Holding his faith at last!

*Gelett Burgess.*

Simplicity is a state of mind. It dwells in the main intention of our lives. A man is simple when his chief care is the wish to be what he ought to be, that is, honestly and naturally human. And this is neither so easy nor so impossible as one might think. At bottom, it consists in putting our acts and aspirations in accordance with the law of our being, and consequently with the Eternal Intention which willed that we should be at all.

*Charles Wagner.*

For aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing.

*Shakespeare.*

Wiser it were to welcome and make ours
Whate'er of good, though small, the Present brings,—
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds, and flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little things.

*R. C. Trench.*

## SIMPLICITY

I wish her beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie:

Something more than
Taffata or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

A face that's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone command the rest:

A face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

*Richard Crashaw.*

"A commonplace life," we say, and we sigh;
But why should we sigh as we say?
The commonplace sun in the commonplace sky
Makes up the commonplace day.
The moon and the stars are commonplace things,
And the flower that blooms and the bird that sings;
But dark were the world, and sad our lot
If the flowers failed, and the sun shone not;
And God, who studies each separate soul
Out of commonplace lives makes His beautiful whole.

*Susan Coolidge.*

## THE VALUE OF

Only through an ideal that is pure and simple can we live in this world in such a way as to discover its beauty and appropriate its truth.

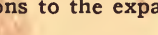
*Samuel M. Crothers.*

There is a holy simplicity!

*John Huss.*

Simplicity of style and directness of language, when united in the narrative form, present the strongest attractions to the expanding mind.

*Putnam.*



Let us consider — of what is life made up? Of splendid bursts of genius and heroism, or of patient, noiseless, progressive efforts of daily wisdom and usefulness? Whence flow the order, tranquillity, and happiness of society? By whom are the great designs of Providence carried into effect? The grand sum total of the world's business is brought to pass, not by the irregular impulses of a few energetic spirits, but by the joint harmonious action of myriads of humble, faithful workers, who pursue the task set before them, and have no higher ambition than to perform it well.

*John James Tayler.*

## SIMPLICITY

O Nature! I do not aspire
To be the highest in thy quire,—
To be a meteor in the sky,
Or comet that may range on high;
Only a zephyr that may blow
Among the reeds by the river low;
Give me thy most privy place
Where to run my airy race.

In some withdrawn, unpublic mead
Let me sigh upon a reed,
Or in the woods, with leafy din,
Whisper the still evening in:
Some still work give me to do,—
Only — be it near to you!
For I'd rather be thy child
And pupil, in the forest wild,
Than be the king of men elsewhere,
And most sovereign slave of care.

*H. D. Thoreau.*

How welcome to our ears, long pained
By strife of sect and party noise,
The brook-like murmur of his song
Of nature's simple joys!

*J. G. Whittier: "Wordsworth."*

Simplicity is the virtue of nature.

*Mrs. Opie.*

## THE VALUE OF

People are seeking salvation from an unquiet spirit. They are perplexed and they long for peace. They are overburdened and they desire to be saved from weakness and faint-heartedness. There is a pathetic desire for whatever ministers to peace of mind. It is because people find the world too great and many-sided that they yield themselves so easily to any one who seems to reduce everything to simplicity. Wearied with its own speculations, the tired soul cries: "Tell me the old, old story. Tell it to me as you would tell it to a little child, so that I may repeat the very words, and in that find comfort and help."

*Samuel M. Crothers.*

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,
When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns before me,
When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide, and measure them,
When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured with much applause in the lecture-room,
How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,
Till rising and gliding out I wander'd off by myself,
In the mystical, moist night-air, and from time to time
Looked up in perfect silence at the stars.

*Walt Whitman.*

## SIMPLICITY

### MY STAR

Written when an open window at night furnished the writer habitually her only glimpse of the outer world.

A scrap of sky
  Have I;
Great wealth it is to me,
  Such glorious things
Therein I see.

The morning star
Comes from afar;
For me it shines so bright,
Brings me a heavenly light,
Sent from my Lord above,
That I may trust His love.

*Mary Osgood.*

There are too many humble people who wish to imitate the great, too many poor working men who ape the well-to-do middle classes, too many shop-girls who play at being ladies, too many clerks who act the club-man or sportsman; and among those in easy circumstances and the rich are too many people who forget that what they possess could serve a better purpose than procuring pleasure for themselves, only to find in the end that one never has enough.

*Charles Wagner.*

## THE VALUE OF

Happiness is to be found in congenial work, in a regular and well-spent life, in obscurity and retirement, in sound and true friendship, and especially in the love of a man and a woman who thoroughly appreciate each other.

*Max O'Rell.*

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smoothe the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

*Shakespeare.*

The ultimate, the deepest kind of simplicity is not easy.

*Felix Adler.*

Why are the simplicity of youth, the caresses of infants, and the plainness of the rustic pleasing? They are unhackneyed in vice, devoid of art, and their whole soul beams in their faces, and sparkles in their eyes.

*J. Bartlett.*

Upright simplicity is the deepest wisdom, and perverse craft the merest shallowness.

*I. Barrow.*

## SIMPLICITY

It is more honourable to be content with few outward means, than with many; to be cheerful amidst privation, than amidst overflowing plenty. A poor man, living on bread and water, because he will not ask for more than bare sustenance requires, and leading a quiet, cheerful life through his benevolent sympathies, his joy in duty, his trust in God, is one of the true heroes of the race, and understands better the meaning of happiness than we, who cannot be at ease unless we clothe ourselves "in purple, and fare sumptuously every day," unless we surround, defend, and adorn ourselves with all the products of nature and art. His scantiness of outward means is a sign of inward fulness, whilst the slavery in which most of us live, to luxuries and accommodations, shows the poverty within.

*William Ellery Channing.*

The very simplicity and nakedness of man's life in the primitive ages imply this advantage, at least, that they left him still but a sojourner in nature. When he was refreshed with food and sleep he contemplated his journey again. He dwelt, as it were, in a tent in this world, and was either threading the valleys, or crossing the plains, or climbing the mountain-tops. But, lo! men have become the tools of their tools.

*H. D. Thoreau.*

## THE VALUE OF

The poet's noblest duty is,
  Whatever theme he sings,
To draw the soul of beauty forth
  From unconsidered things.
That, howsoe'er despised may be
  The humblest form of earth,
His kindly sympathy may weave
  A halo round its birth.

For deepest in creation's midst
  The rarest treasure lies,
And deeper than all science delves
  May reach the poet's eyes.
And, with poetic instinct fired,
  He finds his greatest part
In raising Nature's hidden gems
  To set them in his art.

*Charles Warren Stoddard.*

"Silks and satins, scarlets and velvets," as Poor Richard says, "put out the kitchen fire."

These are not the necessaries of life; they can scarcely be called the conveniences; and yet, only because they look pretty, how many want to have them! The artificial wants of mankind thus become more numerous than the natural; and, as Poor Dick says, "For one poor person there are a hundred indigent."

*Benjamin Franklin.*

## SIMPLICITY

It is well to let down our metropolitan pride a little. Man thinks himself at the top, and that the immense display and prodigality of Nature are for him. But they are no more for him than they are for the birds and beasts, and he is no more at the top than they are.

*John Burroughs.*

A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent.

*Lord Byron.*

The Spirit of God creates in us the simplicity and warmth of heart which children have, nay, rather the perfections of His heavenly hosts, high and low being joined together in His mysterious work; for what are implicit trust, ardent love, abiding purity, but the mind both of little children and of the adoring seraphim!

*John Henry Newman.*

I would rather sit on a pumpkin, and have it all to myself, than be crowded on a velvet cushion. I would rather ride on earth in an ox-cart, with a free circulation, than go to heaven in the fancy car of an excursion train and breathe a malaria all the way.

*H. D. Thoreau.*

## THE VALUE OF

He that loves a rosy cheek
  Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
  Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
  Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
  Kindle never-dying fires:—
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

*T. Carew.*

An inborn charm of graciousness
  Made sweet her smile and tone,
And glorified her farm-wife dress
  With beauty not its own.

*J. G. Whittier.*

We have seen men commit suicide because their means had fallen under a certain minimum. They preferred to disappear rather than retrench. Observe that this minimum, the cause of their despair, would have been sufficient for others of less exacting needs, and enviable to men whose tastes are modest.

*Charles Wagner.*

## SIMPLICITY

The way of simplicity is hard. In the scientific world, every one is looking for new simplifications of thought, and yet they are not in view. In the moral world, too, we shall have to go through many gropings and much going astray, before we shall find that true simplicity for which we seek. Simplicity is the last elixir, distilled by fermentation. It is the last finish that comes of much complexity.

*Felix Adler.*

The dear Lord's best interpreters
Are humble human souls;
The Gospel of a life like hers
Is more than books or scrolls.

*J. G. Whittier.*

Fashion is a poor vocation. Its creed, that idleness is a privilege and work a disgrace, is among the deadliest errors. Without depth of thought, or earnestness of feeling, or strength of purpose, living an unreal life, sacrificing substance to show, substituting the factitious for the natural, mistaking a crowd for society, finding its chief pleasure in ridicule, and exhausting its ingenuity in expedients for killing time, fashion is among the last influences under which a human being, who respects himself or who comprehends the great end of life, would desire to be placed.

*William Ellery Channing.*

Some keep the Sabbath going to church;
I keep it staying at home,
With a bobolink for a chorister,
And an orchard for a dome.

Some keep the Sabbath in surplice;
I just wear my wings.

*Emily Dickinson.*

O, but man, proud man!
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven
As make the angels weep.

*Shakespeare.*

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

## SIMPLICITY

There is one test which few books can stand: To be read at sea or among the mountains or in the sunshine. Books which have been written within the four walls of a room have little or no affiliation with the open air. Poetry such as Longfellow wrote is essentially house-poetry. It may be tested by technical and grammatical rules. But you must take Whitman to the mountains or the seashore. What would stand if the sea and the mountains, forests, clouds, passed judgments on our books!

*Oscar L. Triggs.*

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;
The holy time is quiet as a nun
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;

The gentleness of heaven is on the Sea:
Listen! the mighty being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder — everlastingly.

Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouch'd by solemn thought
Thy nature is not therefore less divine:

Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worship'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

*William Wordsworth.*

Howe'er it be, it seems to me
'Tis only noble to be good;
Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood.

*Alfred Tennyson.*

The test of a strong, simple sermon is results, — not the Sunday praise of the auditors, but their bettered lives during the week. People who pray on their knees on Sunday and prey on their neighbours on Monday, need simplicity in their faith.

*William George Jordan.*

Full apt are we to set before ourselves as the essence of life's bliss, the great things, the showy things, the noteworthy things, but therein are we beguiled, therein are we blinded. Greatness hath little to do with happiness.

*Malcolm J. McLeod.*

Methinks I love all common things,
The common air, the common flower,
The dear, kind, common thought that springs
From hearts that have no other dower,
No other wealth, no other power,
Save love; and will not that repay
For all else fortune tears away?

*Bryan Waller Procter.*

## SIMPLICITY

Simplicity consists in a just medium, in which we are neither too much excited, nor too sedate; the soul is not carried away by external things, so as to be unable to reflect; neither does it make those continual references to self, which a jealous sense of its own excellence multiplies to infinity. That freedom of the soul which looks straight onward in its path, losing no time to reason upon its steps, to study them, or to dwell upon those which it has already taken, is true simplicity.

*Fénelon.*

Oh! could the faith of childhood's days,
Oh! could its little hymns of praise,
Oh! could its simple, joyous trust
Be re-created from the dust
That lies around a wasted life,
The fruit of many a bitter strife!
Oh! then at night in prayer I'd bend,
And call my God, my Father, Friend,
And pray with childlike faith once more
The prayer my mother taught of yore,—
"Now I lay me down to sleep:
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

*Eugene Henry Pullen.*

The true friend of truth and good loves them under all forms, but he loves them most under the most simple form.

*Lavater.*

## THE VALUE OF

Who is there that sets himself to the task of steadily watching his thoughts for the space of one hour, with the view of preserving his mind in a simple, humble, healthful condition, but will speedily discern in the multiform, self-reflecting, self-admiring emotions, which, like locusts, are ready to "eat up every green thing in his land," a state as much opposed to simplicity and humility as night is to day?

*M. A. Kelty.*

Her presence breathed in sweet excess
The fragrance of rare loveliness —

A simple beauty in her face,
And in her form a simple grace.

She was so perfect and so fair,
So like a vision, and so rare,

The air that touched her seemed to me
To thrill with trembling ecstasy.

*I. Edgar Jones.*

If thou hadst simplicity and purity, thou wouldst be able to comprehend all things without error, and behold them without danger. The pure heart safely pervades not only heaven, but hell.

*Thomas à Kempis.*

## SIMPLICITY

Come back to the inn, love, and the lights and the fire,
And the fiddler's old tune and the shuffling of feet;
For there in a while shall be rest and desire,
And there shall the morrow's uprising be sweet.

*William Morris.*

The fairest lives, in my opinion, are those which regularly accommodate themselves to the common and human model, without miracle, without extravagance.

*Montaigne.*

Great men unite their actions with simplicity, because they receive more glory from facts than from words.

*Montesquieu.*

How aesthetics would gain by more simplicity! Instead of this luxury in job lots, all these decorations, pretentious but vapid from iteration, we should have an infinite variety; happy improvisations would strike our eyes, the unexpected in a thousand forms would rejoice our hearts, and we should rediscover the secret of impressing on a drapery or a piece of furniture that stamp of human personality which makes certain antiques priceless.

*Charles Wagner.*

## THE VALUE OF

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my Angel-infancy!
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought;
When yet I had not walk'd above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back, at that short space
Could see a glimpse of his bright face;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees
That shady City of Palm trees!
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way:—
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;

## SIMPLICITY

And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

*Henry Vaughan.*

When a thought is too weak to be with simplicity expressed, it is a proof that it should be rejected.

*Vauvenargues.*

The spirit of simplicity is a great magician. It softens asperities, bridges chasms, draws together hands and hearts. The forms which it takes in the world are infinite in number; but never does it seem to us more admirable than when it shows itself across the fatal barriers of position, interest, or prejudice.

*Charles Wagner.*

Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.

*J. G. Whittier.*

The thing aimed at by all great souls has been to bring men and races back to the simplicity and purity of childhood — back to reality.

*Booker T. Washington.*

## THE VALUE OF

With little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Sweet Daisy! oft I talk to thee
For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming commonplace
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace
Which love makes for thee!

*William Wordsworth.*

We are apt to forget, in praising the multiplication of wants, that mere multiplication is not a benefit, unless at the same time that wants are multiplied, they are also integrated. Pastor Wagner admits that the multiplication of wants is conducive to the advance of civilization; he does not wish to turn the hands on the dial backward; he is no eulogist of asceticism.

What he says is that we are too heavily loaded, that we are carrying too much baggage, that we would better discharge our burdens, or a part of them. This complex civilization has put so many cares, so many unnecessary anxieties upon us that we walk bent and stooping. He cries out that we are spending our precious lives in trying to get no end of things which we really do not care for, and that we miss the things for which at heart we do care.

*Felix Adler.*

## SIMPLICITY

There is doubt whether the simplicity that becomes a fad is simplicity at all. Gluttony and extravagant houses and the weary dissipations of the inane rich are bad diseases of a small section of American society; but, bad as they are, they startle one less than the making of simplicity a sort of cult; for whosoever seeks it in any way but in modesty and by personal habit cannot find it. It begins in a state of mind, the very state of mind that abhors a fad. To go about acquiring simplicity with great ado — that justifies the jibes of all our enemies. Must we seek our very silences noisily?

*Walter H. Page.*

The cowslip startles in meadows green,
  The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
  To be some happy creature's palace;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
  Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
  With the deluge of summer it receives;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest —
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best?

*James Russell Lowell.*

# THE VALUE OF

There are certain occasions when, in art, simplicity is an audacious originality.

*Achilles Poincelot.*

Simplicity is the pure white light of a life lived from within. It is destroyed by any attempt to live in harmony with public opinion.

*William George Jordan.*

The most pathetic thing about our modern life is the revelation which it gives of multitudes who are overburdened, who are tired even of good and great things. The message that has come to us as if it were a gospel is the great word, "all things are yours."

"All the good the past has had,
Remains to make our own time glad,"

we say. But does it make our own time glad, this haunting sense of a good we have not personally grasped, of the wisdom and truth all around us, but disorderly to our mind? Does this make us glad, does it not bring rather the feeling of those who labour and are heavy laden, and who long, above all things on earth, for simplicity, directness, peace?

*Samuel M. Crothers.*

## SIMPLICITY

Why dream of lands of gold and pearl,
Of loving knight and lady,
When farmer boy and barefoot girl
Were wandering there already?

*J. G. Whittier: "Burns."*

Teach me, Father, how to go
Softly as the grasses grow;
Hush my soul to meet the shock
Of the wild world as a rock;
But my spirit, propt with power,
Make as simple as a flower;
Let the dry heart fill its cup,
Like a poppy looking up;
Let Life lightly wear her crown,
Like the poppy looking down,
When its heart is filled with dew,
And its life begins anew.

Teach me, Father, how to be
Kind and patient as a tree;
Joyfully the crickets croon
Under shady oak at noon;
Beetle, on his mission bent,
Tarries in that cooling tent;
Let me, also, cheer a spot,
Hidden field or garden grot —
Place where passing souls can rest
On the way and be their best.

*Edwin Markham.*

## THE VALUE OF

Listen, dear reader, it is the common things that quench thirst, not rare things; ordinaries, not luxuries; not palatial houses, but a home; not royal wine, but cold water.

*Malcolm J. McLeod.*

Simplicity and grace seem to be the elements to charm.

*Mrs. Sigourney.*

'Tis the mind that makes the body rich;
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eye?

*Shakespeare.*

Her entire person was simplicity, ingenuousness, whiteness, candour, and radiance, and it might have been said of her that she was transparent. She produced a sensation of April and daybreak, and she had dew in her eyes. She was the condensation of the light of dawn in a woman's form.

*Victor Hugo: "Les Misérables."*

## SIMPLICITY

A rose will wither, so will love,
When love grows overwise.
Keep all thy petals, O my heart,
While the short summer flies!

Let gladness be their gentle sun,
And innocence their dew,
Ask the warm April rain to fall,
And wash all care from you.

And if love went the truant way
And you have lost his track,
Be faithful to simplicity
And you shall win him back.

Hush! the soft fingers of desire
Tap at the stoic will;
Be very simple, O my heart,
And love will enter still.

*Frederic Lawrence Knowles.*

I do not want to be compelled to expend any force upon the poet's form — I want it all for his thought. A tortuous and difficult channel may add to the beauty of a mountain brook, but it does not add to the beauty of a poem.

*John Burroughs.*

Simplicity has an abiding charm.

*W. Hague.*

## THE VALUE OF

Thoreau tells us he threw away the ornaments on his mantel that he might not lose the time in dusting them that could be better employed. Our genial contemporary in England — the author of "Towards Democracy" — will have no tailor's stuffings or linings and such whigmaleeries whatever in his coats. When a certain lady (usually identified by writers with mock-modesty by saying that she shall be nameless) went down to my island "Shingleshack" in the woods, she confessed to a feeling of envy at the easy terms on which I had secured all the comforts necessary to happy days. No carpets, matting, or rugs; no curtains or hangings; no framed pictures or bric-à-brac, no books to speak of, rustic furniture home-made or uninjurable — just pure comfort by the great fireplace, ease and simplicity in the culinary department, and the day left for higher uses. No dust, no wagons; the boats at the door, and the well, too; magnificent mountain scenery without, and peace and quiet within. An axe for the woods, a carpenter's bench and a few tools, a hammer for geology, an opera-glass for the birds. No butcher and no baker and no candlestick maker; but squirrels running over the roof and the annually punctual phœbe in her nest on the bracket of the eaves.

*William S. Kennedy.*

## SIMPLICITY

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe in skies so dull and gray;
Yet, if you will, one quiet hint I'll leave you,
For every day.

I'll tell you how to sing a clearer carol
Than lark who hails the dawn on breezy down,
To earn yourself a purer poet's laurel
Than Shakespeare's crown.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who can be clever;
Do lovely things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make Life, and Death, and that For Ever,
One grand sweet song.

*Charles Kingsley.*

Simplicity is a mental soil where artifice, lying, deceit, treachery, and selfish, low ambition cannot grow.

*William George Jordan.*

How simple a thing then does salvation become! It is receiving Him. Justification is a free gift; so is faith; so is forgiveness; so is eternal life. It is because the human heart is proud and does not take to gifts that we have made our Christianity such a complex thing.

*Malcolm J. McLeod.*

For crystal brows there's nought within;
They are but empty cells for pride;
He who the Syren's hair would win
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of Beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind
Which with temptation I would trust,
Yet never link'd with error find,—

One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burthen'd honey-fly
That hides his murmurs in the rose.

*Anon.*

Not fair as men would reckon fair,
Nor noble as they count the line:
Only as graceful as a bough,
And tendrils of the vine:
Only as noble as sweet Eve,
Your ancestress and mine.

*Christina G. Rossetti.*

Keep back the one word more,
Nor give of your whole store;
For, it may be, in Art's sole hour of need,
Lacking that word, you shall be poor indeed.

*Lizette Woodworth Reese.*

## SIMPLICITY

Having simple needs, you find it less painful to accustom yourself to the hazards of fortune. You remain a man, though you lose your office or your income, because the foundation on which your life rests is not your table, your cellar, your horses, your goods and chattels, or your money. In adversity you will not act like a nursling deprived of its bottle and rattle.

*Charles Wagner.*

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling, — rejoicing, — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees its close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

*Longfellow.*

## THE VALUE OF

One passage in your Letter a little displeas'd me. The rest was nothing but kindness, which Robert's letters are ever brimful of. You say that "this World to you seems drain'd of all its sweets!" At first I had hoped you only meant to intimate the high price of Sugar! but I am afraid you meant more. O, Robert, I don't know what you call sweet. Honey and the honeycomb, roses and violets, are yet in the earth. The sun and moon yet reign in Heaven, and the lesser lights keep up their pretty twinklings. Meats and drinks, sweet sights and sweet smells, a country walk, spring and autumn, follies and repentance, quarrels and reconcilements have all a sweetness by turns. Good-humour and good-nature, friends at home that love you, and friends abroad that miss you — you possess all these things, and more innumerable, and these are all sweet things. You may extract honey from everything.

*Charles Lamb to Robert Lloyd.*

Amid the rich and cultured blooms that shined,
By friendly hands bound in a birthday gift,
I found the homely, dear white clover hid,
And thanked at heart the thought which placed it there, —
The plain, good flower that cheerfully fulfils
Its homely duties in the common field.

*Samuel Longfellow.*

## SIMPLICITY

Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild wood and the downs —
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.

*P. B. Shelley.*

Simplicity of manners and taste is the most desirable thing in the world.

*Mrs. Dinnies.*

Life is not made up of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things, of which smiles and kindness and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart.

*Sir Humphrey Davy.*

The accumulations of our civilization are enormous: an artificial world of great depth and potency overlies the world of reality; especially does it overlie the world of man's moral and intellectual nature. Most of us live and thrive in this artificial world, and never know but it is the world of God's own creating.

*John Burroughs.*

## THE VALUE OF

Let me live harmlessly; and near the brink
  Of Trent or Avon have a dwelling-place,
Where I may see my quill or cork down sink
  With eager bite of perch, or bleak, or dace;
And on the world and my Creator think:
  Whilst some men strive ill-gotten goods t' embrace,
And others spend their time in base excess
Of wine, or worse, in war and wantonness.

Let them that list, these pastimes still pursue;
  And on such pleasing fancies feed their fill;
So I the fields and meadows green may view,
  And daily by fresh rivers walk at will,
Among the daisies and the violets blue,
  Red hyacinth and yellow daffodil,
Purple narcissus like the morning rays,
Pale gander-grass, and azure culverkeys.

*Joseph Davors.*

What can I give Him,
  Poor as I am?
If I were a shepherd
  I would bring a lamb;
If I were a wise man
  I would do my part;
Yet what can I give Him?
  Give my heart.

*Christina G. Rossetti.*

## SIMPLICITY

I use strong language, because I would combat the disposition, too common in the labouring mass, to regard what is called the upper class with envy or admiration. This disposition manifests itself among them in various forms. Thus, when one of their number prospers, he is apt to forget his old acquaintance, and to work his way, if possible, into a more fashionable caste. As far, indeed, as he extends his acquaintance among the intelligent, refined, generous, and truly honourable, he makes a substantial improvement of his condition; but if, as is too often the case, he is admitted by way of favour into a circle, which has few claims, beyond those of greater luxury and show, and which bestows on him a patronizing, condescending notice in exchange for his old, honourable influence among his original associates, he does anything but rise. Such is not the elevation I desire for the labourer. I do not desire him to struggle into another rank. Let him not be a servile copyist of other classes, but aim at something higher than has yet been realized in any body of men. Let him not associate the idea of Dignity or Honour with certain modes of living, or certain outward connections. I would have every man stand on his own ground, and take his place among men according to personal endowments and worth, and not according to outward appendages; and I would have every member of the community furnished with such

means of improvement, that, if faithful to himself, he may need no outward appendage to attract the respect of all around him.

*William Ellery Channing.*

Do the work that's nearest,
Though it's dull at whiles,
Helping when we meet them
Lame dogs over stiles.

*Charles Kingsley.*

Remember that the chance to do the great heroic work may or may not come. If it does not come, then all that there can be to our credit is the faithful performance of every-day duty. That is all that most of us, throughout our lives, have the chance to do, and it is enough, because it is the beginning to do, because it means most for the nation when done, and if the time for the showing of heroism does come, you may guarantee that those who show it are most likely to be the people who have done their duty in average times, as the occasion for doing the duty arose.

*Theodore Roosevelt.*

Simplicity is an exact medium between too little and too much.

*Sir Joshua Reynolds.*

## SIMPLICITY

I love snow and all the forms
  Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
  Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

*P. B. Shelley.*

I know not what it is, but when I pass
  Some running bit of water by the way,
A river brimming silver in the grass,
  And rippled by a trailing alder-spray,

Hold in my heart I cannot from a cry,
  It is so joyful at the merry sight;
So gracious is the water running by,
  So full the simple grass is of delight.

*Philip Henry Savage.*

Without simplicity no human performance can arrive to perfection.

*Swift.*

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistering grief
And wear a golden sorrow.

*Shakespeare.*

## THE VALUE OF

In its dreams, man's ambition embraces vast limits, but it is rarely given us to achieve great things, and even then, a quick and sure success always rests on a groundwork of patient preparation. Fidelity in small things is at the base of every great achievement.

*Charles Wagner.*

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

*F. W. Faber.*

You say that you have no skill — that the Arts and Crafts movement is not for you. You are mistaken. You do not know how little mystery there is in the making of things, good things, nor what a large share common sense has in artsmanship. It must be so. The things that only the few can make are not for the many, and the many are much more important than the few, the "few" to the contrary. Supplying the simple wants and needs of the many well, beautifully, artistically, is the best of all careers — a career that must in the nature of things be within the reach of the many, since only the many can supply the wants of the many.

*Percival Wiksell.*

## SIMPLICITY

There is a very simple rule for every one of us that reduces the perplexity of our lives. "Covet earnestly the best gifts." Cultivate that "distributive virtue" that rejects not merely the positively bad, but that casts aside the lesser for the greater good. Give up the vain desire of knowing everything; ask yourself at every step, "What is the thing most worth knowing? What is most worth doing?" Do that, and be not troubled though many other possible tasks remain undone. Learn to do without what is unessential. That is the condition of doing joyfully and effectively that which is essential. The man in his work, in his study, in his friendship, must bring everything to this simple test, "Is this the best thing for me at this moment? I am living in a world where I cannot know or do everything; I must choose. Of the two interests which challenge my attention to-day, I must choose the greater thing. Which one is worth my effort?" Step by step that man's life and thought grow simple, and he comes to be serene in the midst of all distractions.

*Samuel M. Crothers.*

How desirable is this simplicity! who will give it to me? I will quit all else; it is the pearl of great price.

*Fénelon.*

## THE VALUE OF

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of humblest Friends, bright Creature, scorn not One!
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

*William Wordsworth.*

What simplifies life is to say something like this: "I do not pretend to know all about religion, or duty, or Christ, but I do propose to live along the line of life which I will call toward Christ. I propose to think less of what I may live by, and more of what I may live toward." When a man makes this decision he has not, indeed, solved all the problems of life, but he has amazingly simplified them. Many things which had been perplexing, disturbing, confusing, now fall into line behind that one comprehensive loyalty. He has, as it were, come out of the woods, and found a high road. It is not all level, or easy; there is many a sharp ascent in it, and many a shadowy valley. But at least the way is clear, and he knows whither it leads, and he has found his bearings, and he trudges along with a quiet mind, even though with a weary step, for he has emerged from the bewildering underbrush of life into the "simplicity which is toward Christ."

*Francis G. Peabody.*

## SIMPLICITY

A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.
A violet by a mossy stone
Half-hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

*William Wordsworth.*

I would not have the restless will
That hurries to and fro,
Seeking for some great thing to do,
Or secret thing to know;
I would be treated as a child,
And guided where I go.

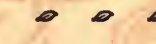
Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate;
And a work of lowly love to do,
For the Lord on whom I wait.

So I ask Thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied,
And a mind to blend with outward life,
While keeping at Thy side;
Content to fill a little space,
If Thou be glorified.

*Anna L. Waring.*

Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

*William Wordsworth.*



There are so many causes, — we are besieged on every hand. No one can show the slightest interest in public affairs without at once becoming a marked man, and hunted as the prey of every possible cause insisting upon his co-operation. And yet this leads to distraction, to complexity, to mere dilettanteism. The bane of many of our charities, and of popular causes, political and otherwise, is dilettanteism; and this cannot be overcome unless we concentrate, trying to do justice to the one cause, or to those few causes to which we ally ourselves, — choosing them because we are in sympathy with them, and because we are fitted by capacity and experience to promote them. Justice, too, the fulfilment of one's obligations, is a part of simplicity.

*Felix Adler.*

Let us be content in work
To do the thing we can; and not presume
To fret because it's little.

*E. B. Browning.*

## SIMPLICITY

To true simplicity, to perceive a truth is to begin to live it, to see a duty is to begin to do it.

*William George Jordan.*

The beautiful does not obtrude, but appears in simplicity.

*Krummacher.*

Simplicity is, of all things, the hardest to be copied.

*Richard Steele.*

Our life is like a German Confederacy, made up of petty states, with its boundary for ever fluctuating, so that even a German cannot tell you how it is bounded at any moment. The nation itself, with all its so-called internal improvements, which, by the way, are all external and superficial, is just such an unwieldy and overgrown establishment, cluttered with furniture, and tripped up by its own traps, ruined by luxury and heedless expense, by want of calculation and a worthy aim, as the million households in the land; and the only cure for it as for them is in a rigid economy, a stern and more than Spartan simplicity of life and elevation of purpose.

*H. D. Thoreau.*

## THE VALUE OF

A religion of commandments grows burdensome. A religion of ceremonials grows wearisome. A religion of personal love is ever buoyant with the spring and variety of personal character. . . . Can you not see a special freshness and exuberance and simplicity of joy, a cordial welcoming of every new day as a new blessing in the life of the simplest and most childlike Christians, whose religion begins and ends in this: "I love Christ and He loves me; and I can please Him if I am pure and true and good; and so I will try to be with all my might and His." The great ministry of freshness to the stale lives of men is the Holy Spirit, whose work is to take of the things of Christ and show them to us.

*Phillips Brooks.*

### A BOY'S PRAYER

God who created me
  Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
  To run, to ride, to swim:
  Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
  I would remember Him:
Take the thanks of a boy.

*H. C. Beeching.*

## SIMPLICITY

The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.

*Shakespeare.*

Small kindnesses, small courtesies, small considerations, habitually practised in our social intercourse, give a greater charm to the character than the display of great talents and accomplishments.

*M. A. Kelty.*

Men of few words are the best men.

*Shakespeare.*

Oh, for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,

. . . . . .

For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks.

*J. G. Whittier.*

He sows June fields with clover, and the world
Broadcasts with little common kindnesses,
With plain, good souls that cheerfully fulfil
Their homely duties in the common field
Of daily life, ambitious of no more
Than to supply the needs of friend or kin.

*Samuel Longfellow.*

## THE VALUE OF

As a little child, that has not yet learned to guide its own steps, trusts implicitly to a mother's wisdom and tenderness; as a wife loyally follows her husband through the darkness, believing where she cannot see; as a husband trusts his wife's instinct of purity and goodness before his own, — so I lay my life in the hands of God. I try to do right; I labour with my whole soul to bring my will into accord with His; and the rest I leave with Him.

*Charles Beard.*

I had three pieces of limestone on my desk, but I was terrified to find that they required to be dusted daily, when the furniture of my mind was all undusted still, and I threw them out the window in disgust. How, then, could I have a furnished house? I would rather sit in the open air, for no dust gathers on the grass, unless where man has broken ground.

*H. D. Thoreau.*

I pray not that
Men tremble at
My power of place
And lordly sway, —
I only pray for simple grace
To look my neighbour in the face
Full honestly from day to day.

*James Whitcomb Riley.*

## SIMPLICITY

Happy are those who have retained throughout life their infantine simplicity, which nurses a tractable idol in an unsuspicious bosom, is assured it knows and heeds the voice addressing it, and shuts it up again with a throb of joy, and keeps it warm.

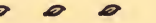
*W. S. Landor.*

The tanned face, garlanded with mirth,
It hath the kingliest smile on earth;
The swart brow, diamonded with sweat,
Hath never need of coronet.

*James Whitcomb Riley.*

He who cares for the lily,
And heeds the sparrow's fall,
Shall tenderly lead His loving child,
For He made and loveth all.
And so, when wearied and baffled,
And I know not which way to go,
I know that He can guide me,
And 'tis all that I need to know.

*Anon.*



Thy home is with the humble, Lord!
The simple are Thy rest;
Thy lodging is in childlike hearts;
Thou makest there Thy nest.

*F. W. Faber.*

I called on the king, but he made me wait in his hall, and conducted like a man incapacitated for hospitality. There was a man in my neighbourhood who lived in a hollow tree. His manners were truly regal. I should have done better had I called on him.

*H. D. Thoreau.*

I have one preacher that I love better than any other on earth; it is my little tame robin, which preaches to me daily. I put his crumbs upon my window-sill, especially at night. He hops on to the sill when he wants his supply, and takes as much as he desires to satisfy his need. From thence he always hops on to a tree close by, and lifts up his voice to God and sings his carol of praise and gratitude, tucks his little head under his wing, and goes fast to sleep, and leaves to-morrow to look after itself. He is the best preacher that I have on earth.

*Martin Luther.*

Make the best of what you have. The fullest life is not so full of good things as it would be if it reaped all the harvest of good within its reach. Our frailty is in reaching out toward the impossible and distant.

*Anon.*

## SIMPLICITY

He alone is a man who can resist the genius of the age, the tone of fashion, with vigorous simplicity and modest courage.

*Lavater.*

The simple life means the life that reflects the fundamental things, that expresses the structural facts of human society. Now what is more fundamental, in regard to my relations to others, than the idea that others are worthy, that they have fundamentally the same worth that we have? How, then, can I feel at ease, if society around me is such that vast numbers of others, of whom I feel in my heart that they are entitled to the same advantages that I enjoy, are deprived of them? If society is so constituted that eight-tenths are in a position, not only of physical disadvantage, but often of serious moral peril, and at any rate, at intellectual disadvantage, how can I say to myself: I am going to enter into the true life, and not pay any attention to this fundamental discord.

*Felix Adler.*

Happy he whom neither wealth nor fashion,
Nor the march of the encroaching city,
Drives an exile
From the hearth of his ancestral homestead.

*Longfellow.*

## THE VALUE OF

One of the chief dangers of life is trusting occasions. We think that conspicuous events, striking experiences, exalted moments, have most to do with our character and capacity. We are wrong. Common days, monotonous hours, wearisome paths, plain old tools, and every-day clothes tell the real story. Good habits are not made on birthdays, nor Christian character at the new year. The vision may dawn, the dream may waken, the heart may leap with a new inspiration on some mountain-top, but the test, the triumph, is at the foot of the mountain, on the level plain.

The workshop of character is every-day life. The uneventful and commonplace hour is where the battle is won or lost. Thank God for a new truth, a beautiful idea, a glowing experience: but remember that unless we bring it down to the ground and teach it to walk with feet, work with hands, and stand the strain of daily life, we have worse than lost it, we have been hurt by it. A new light in our heart makes an occasion; but an occasion is an opportunity, not for building a tabernacle and feeling thankful and looking back to a blessed memory, but for shedding the new light on the old path, and doing old duties with new inspiration. The uncommon life is the child of the common day, lived in an uncommon way.

*Maltbie Davenport Babcock.*

## SIMPLICITY

She has a world of ready wealth,
  Our minds and hearts to bless —
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
  Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
  May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
  Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings;
  Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things: —
  We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art;
  Close up these barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
  That watches and receives.

*William Wordsworth.*

We are all acquainted with people who have a rage for being abroad, who think the world would no longer go round if they didn't figure on all sides of it. To stay at home is penal; there they cease to be in view. A horror of home life possesses them to such a degree that they would rather pay to be bored outside than be amused gratuitously within.

*Charles Wagner.*

## THE VALUE OF

Simplicity is the model of expression which is inseparable from a truth-loving nature. Ostentation and love of display indicate some complexity of motive or some obliquity of spirit. Plainness of manner bears witness to singleness of heart. The man who exalts truth above all things moves directly to his object. He selects his words not for the purpose of adorning thought, but for the purpose of giving it precise expression. He determines upon his actions not with a view of impressing men, but with the object of fulfilling the impulses of his heart. In dealing with such a nature one does well to stand on the firm ground of sincerity, to discard all the devices of artfulness, and find strength in quietness and confidence.

*Anon.*

Men are burdened with doing. They must do this and that; and the day is too short for the works of the day, and there are not enough days in the year to finish the tasks appointed. Men and women are always hurrying, always worrying, always under pressure of so-called duties. But the apostle simplified the problem of life amazingly when he said, "This one thing I do." He selected the highest, the chief thing, and gave to that his whole life.

*Anon.*

## SIMPLICITY

Whenever life is simple and sane, true pleasure accompanies it as fragrance does uncultivated flowers.

*Charles Wagner.*

The crying need of the pulpit to-day, we cannot but feel, is a simple directness. Some one notes that the true laws of eloquence are, first, to have something to say, and secondly to say it. To say it plainly, to say it attractively! And this is style. To be clear, to be fresh, to abhor the vague, to keep wide of the moloch of indefiniteness, to know what is mist and maze as well as what is rock and river! It is not possible to see six inches into the depths of a puddle, but one can look down twenty fathoms into the waters that wash the shores of Catalina Island.

*Malcolm J. McLeod.*

## OUR FRIEND

I know not whether she be fair,
If blue her eyes or gold her hair;
I have not marked her features well—
Her spirit casts too strong a spell.

Even in wintry frost and sleet,
If one but pass her on the street,

## THE VALUE OF

Though all the town be wrapp'd in furs,
A sense of warmth and April stirs.

Her lips may be as soft as those
The bee is proffered by the rose—
I do not know; but this I'm sure:
They smile alike on rich and poor.

Her ear may be so fine a fleck
It scarce casts shadow on her neck;
I only know 'tis not too small
To listen when the needy call.

I know not if her hand be white,
Or if her foot be arched and slight;
Her feet will run to carry aid,
Her hand shower blessings unrepaid.

If she should die, some brush might trace
The maiden's comeliness or grace;
But most could only strive, ah yes,
Somehow to fill the loneliness.

*Frederic Lawrence Knowles.*

Ornament is but the gilded shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest.

*Shakespeare.*

## SIMPLICITY

The Architect of the universe, by whom all things were created, when for love's sake He became a man, made ploughs and yokes. The loftiest soul did lowliest work. Hard hands belonged to the gentlest heart. The Son of God would not have an exceptional lot, but a common one. He must know how most men feel, and so He became a wage-earner and a day-labourer.

*Maltbie Davenport Babcock.*

Livery counts for nothing: we must see the heart. No class has the prerogative of simplicity; no dress, however humble in appearance, is its unfailing badge. Its dwelling need not be a garret, a hut, the cell of the ascetic nor the lowliest fisherman's bark.

*Charles Wagner.*

Truth needs no colour, . . . beauty no pencil.

*Shakespeare.*

Simplicity is favourable to law.

*J. A. Spencer.*

A childlike mind in its simplicity practises that science of good to which the wise may be blind.

*Schiller.*

## THE VALUE OF

Come live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

## SIMPLICITY

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

*C. Marlowe.*

Am I acting in simplicity, from a germ of the divine life within, or am I shaping my path to obtain some immediate result of expediency? Am I endeavouring to compass effects, amidst a tangled web of foreign influences I cannot calculate; or am I seeking simply to do what is right, and leaving the consequences to the good providence of God?

*M. A. Schimmelpenninck.*

To maintain one's self on this earth is not a hardship, but a pastime, if one will live simply and wisely.

*H. D. Thoreau.*

Now the pulpit and the mart
Make an unquiet thing of Art,
For we trade or else we preach;
Even the crocus, 'stead of song,
Serves for text the April long;
Thus we set it out of reach.

*Lizette Woodworth Reese.*

## THE VALUE OF

If simplicity of heart is an essential condition of respect, simplicity of life is its best school. Whatever be the state of your fortune, avoid everything which could make your children think themselves more or better than others. Though your wealth would permit you to dress them richly, remember the evil you might do in exciting their vanity. Preserve them from the evil of believing that to be elegantly dressed suffices for distinction, and above all do not carelessly increase by their clothes and their habits of life the distance which already separates them from other children: dress them simply.

*Charles Wagner.*

The expression of truth is simplicity.

*Seneca.*

The secret of all true greatness is simplicity.

*William George Jordan.*

Have the courage to be ignorant of a great number of things in order to avoid the calamity of being ignorant of everything.

*Sydney Smith.*

An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.

*Shakespeare.*

## SIMPLICITY

Simplicity is the sun of a self-centred and pure life, — the secret of any specific greatness in the life of the individual.

*William George Jordan.*

The bed was made, the room was fit,
By punctual eve the stars were lit;
The air was still, the water ran,
No need was there for maid or man,
When we put up, my ass and I,
At God's green caravanserai.

*R. L. Stevenson.*

True humour lies in the thought, and arises from the representation of images in odd circumstances and uncommon lights. A pleasant thought strikes us by the force of its natural beauty: and the mirth of it is generally rather palled than heightened by that ridiculous phraseology which is so much in fashion among the pretenders to humour and pleasantry. This tribe of men are like our mountebanks; they make a man a wit, by putting him in a fantastic habit. Our little burlesque authors, who are the delight of ordinary readers, generally abound in these pert phrases, which have in them more vivacity than wit.

*The Spectator.*

## THE VALUE OF

To be honest, to be kind, to earn a little and spend a little less; to make upon the whole a family happier by his presence; to renounce when that shall be necessary and not be embittered; to keep a few friends, but these without capitulation — above all, on the same grim condition to keep friends with himself — here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

*R. L. Stevenson.*

That temperance and sobriety are the best guardians of health is an old story. They spare him who observes them many a misery that saddens existence; they ensure him health, love of action, mental poise. Whether it be a question of food, dress, or dwelling, simplicity of taste is also a source of independence and safety.

*Charles Wagner.*

What a happy simplicity prevailed in ancient times when it was the custom for ladies, though of the greatest distinction, to employ themselves in useful and laborious works.

*C. B. Buck.*

How many undervalue the power of simplicity! But it is the real key to the heart.

*William Wordsworth.*

## SIMPLICITY

O Friend! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest
To think that now our life is only drest
For show; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,

Or groom! — We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest;
The wealthiest man among us is the best:
No grandeur now in Nature or in book

Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry; and these we adore:
Plain living and high thinking are no more:

The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

*William Wordsworth.*



In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my lot no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea;
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

*Collins.*

Certainly, in our own little sphere it is not the most active people to whom we owe the most. Among the common people whom we know, it is not necessarily those who are busiest, not those who, meteorlike, are ever on the rush after some visible charge and work. It is the lives, like the stars, which simply pour down on us the calm light of their bright and faithful being, up to which we look and out of which we gather the deepest calm and courage.

*Phillips Brooks.*

The simple life is that which is directed toward the attainment of things that are essential.

*Felix Adler.*

True worth is in being, not seeming,
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, — not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.

*Alice Cary.*

One of the signs of the simplicity of culture is its freshness of feeling. It invests the most familiar objects with interest and newness, being in this regard the opposite pole of criticism. It is positive, not negative; active, not passive.

*Malcolm J. McLeod.*

## SIMPLICITY

If we kept our principle of joy in work consistently in view we would not set ourselves tasks that lay beyond the possibilities of joy. This is our first mistake. We plan book covers and carvings which are too elaborate to be completed in joy. They become mechanical in character. They become exclusively the possession of one person or a few persons. They do not seem to make the democratic appeal. But this is not our worst fault. I am convinced that even elaborate things may be possible both for workers and possessors if we insist upon producing them by simple methods. We overfinish everything. We do not know where to stop. We are afraid of comparison with the finish of the machine.

*Will Price.*

True elegance becomes the more so as it approaches simplicity.

*Beecher.*

The more simply you live, the more secure is your future; you are less at the mercy of surprises and reverses. An illness or a period of idleness does not suffice to dispossess you: a change of position, even considerable, does not put you to confusion.

*Charles Wagner.*

See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost
And breathe and walk again:
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

*Thomas Gray.*

Genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle.

*Burke.*

Give me for marriage a sweet-breath'd woman of whom I should never tire,
Give me a perfect child, give me away aside from the noise of the world a rural domestic life,
Give me to warble spontaneous songs recluse by myself, for my own ears only,
Give me solitude, give me Nature, give me again, O Nature, your primal sanities!

*Walt Whitman.*

Simplicity in a character is like the needle of a compass, — it knows only one point, its North, its ideal.

*William George Jordan.*

## SIMPLICITY

Life is not a deep, profound, perplexing problem. It is a simple, easy lesson, such as any child may read. You cannot find its solution in the ponderous tomes of the old fathers, the philosophers, the theorists. It is not on your bookshelves, but in the warmest corner of the most unlettered heart it glows in letters that the blindest may read, a sweet, plain, simple, easy, loving lesson. And when you have learned it, brother of mine, the world will be better and happier.

*R. J. Burdette.*

Simplify, simplify. Instead of three meals a day, if it be necessary eat but one; instead of a hundred dishes, five; and reduce other things in proportion.

*H. D. Thoreau.*

Yes! the faithful dog that asks for our sympathetic pat upon its head; the child that nestles in your lap; the man whose arm lovingly sustains you; the woman whose lips are graciously tendered you to kiss — these little threads of celestial origin weave for us heavenly garments, and our dear, earthly loves become celestial byways beyond our understanding. God's own love comes to us through the lowliest door, and the arms of the Eternal embrace us in the babe's clasp.

*Jenkin Lloyd Jones.*

## THE VALUE OF

How happy is he born and taught
  That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought
  And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
  Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
  Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
  Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
  Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
  Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
  Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray
  More of His grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
  With a well-chosen book or friend;

This man is freed from servile bands
  Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
  And having nothing, yet hath all.

*Sir H. Wotton.*

## SIMPLICITY

Speech is the chief revelation of the mind, the first visible form that it takes. As the thought, so the speech. To better one's life in the way of simplicity, one must set a watch on his lips and his pen. Let the word be as genuine as the thought, as artless, as valid: think justly, speak frankly.

*Charles Wagner.*

What was the secret of such a one's power? What had she done? Absolutely nothing; but radiant smiles, beaming good-humour, the tact of divining what every one felt and every one wanted, told that she had got out of self and learned to think of others; so that at one time it showed itself in deprecating the quarrel, which lowering brows and raised tones already showed to be impending, by sweet words; at another, by smoothing an invalid's pillow; at another, by soothing a sobbing child; at another, by humouring and softening a father who had returned weary and ill-tempered from the irritating cares of business. None but she saw those things. None but a loving heart could see them. That was the secret of her heavenly power. The one who will be found in trial capable of great acts of love, is ever the one who is always doing considerate small ones.

*F. W. Robertson.*

## THE VALUE OF

As inward love breeds outward talk,
The hound some praise, and some the hawk;
Some, better pleased with private sport,
Use tennis; some a mistress court:
  But these delights I neither wish
  Nor envy, while I freely fish.

Who hunts, doth oft in danger ride;
Who hawks, lures oft both far and wide;
Who uses games shall often prove
A loser; but who falls in love
  Is fetter'd in fond Cupid's snare:
  My angle breeds me no such care.

Of recreation there is none
So free as fishing is alone;
All other pastimes do no less
Than mind and body both possess;
  My hand alone my work can do
  So I can fish and study too.

I care not, I, to fish in seas—
Fresh rivers best my mind do please,
Whose sweet calm course I contemplate,
And seek in life to imitate:
  In civil bounds I fain would keep,
  And for my past offences weep.

And when the timorous trout I wait
To take, and he devours my bait,

## SIMPLICITY

How poor a thing, sometimes I find,
Will captivate a greedy mind;
And when none bite, I praise the wise,
Whom vain allurements ne'er surprise.

*Izaak Walton.*

Scarce had he need to cast his pride or slough the dross of earth;
E'en as he trod that day to God, so walked he from his birth —
In simpleness and gentleness and honour and clean mirth.

*Rudyard Kipling.*

Simplicity should be free, natural, spontaneous, bubbling, artesian. It should not be negative; it should be positive. It should not be critical; it should be creative. It should not embitter character; it should mellow it.

*Malcolm J. McLeod.*

The best painters, as they progress in reputation and toward perfection, are found to dispense more and more with the technique of the art, for simpler methods. Simplicity never fails to charm.

*Balzac.*

## THE VALUE OF

To do Thy will is more than praise,
As words are less than deeds,
And simple trust can find Thy ways
We miss with chart of creeds.

*J. G. Whittier.*

The consciousness of being well dressed and yet owing for it, of riding in carriages which one cannot afford, of wearing jewelry and tailor-made suits which are beyond one's means, or of patronizing expensive hotels and restaurants which one cannot by any stretch of imagination or sophistry afford, is destructive to self-respect, to truth and honesty, and to manhood and womanhood. You cannot afford to wear lies on your body or eat lies at expensive cafés any more than you can afford to tell lies with your tongue.

*Orison S. Marden.*

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night —
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

*B. Jonson.*

## SIMPLICITY

It was the fashion in the political economy of a past day to encourage all sorts of extravagance; the proceeds of expenditures thus wasted, it was claimed, going toward the prosperity of less favoured classes. To-day, it is distinctly understood that what one wastes some other must lose. The engrossment of the products of labour by one person is almost as much a loss in the scheme of a scientific distribution as is the going down of a ship at sea carrying with it gold coin that has cost the labour of half a million workers.

If you would lead "the simple life" you must therefore begin by living in a house commensurate with your needs — by taking up of the earth's surface such share as will not compel the huddling together of your brothers. You must be reasonable in all your bodily desires.

*John Brisben Walker.*

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

*William Wordsworth.*

## THE VALUE OF

The sad face of the man who has too much work of one kind is only equalled by the worried face of a man out of a job. When life means much to us; when we love the man at the next bench; when we care what our work stands for and hope to see it produce joy to the final user or possessor; when we see the merit in another's work and try to excel it; when we are not concerned about becoming rich, or in hoarding things, or even to gain applause, but are concerned only to please ourselves, concerned only to find our work and to do it, then the craftsman is born, then the spirit of the craftsman is enfranchised.

*Percival Wiksell.*

If our merchants did not most of them fail, and the banks, too, my faith in the old laws of the world would be staggered. The statement that ninety-six in a hundred doing such business surely break down, is perhaps the sweetest fact that statistics have revealed — exhilarating as the fragrance of the flowers in the spring. Does it not say somewhere, "The Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice"? If thousands are thrown out of employment, it suggests that they were not well employed. Why don't they take the hint? It is not enough to be industrious; so are the ants. What are you industrious about?

*H. D. Thoreau.*

## SIMPLICITY

Revelations of his own soul, of God's intimate presence, of the grandeur of the creation, of the glory of disinterestedness, of the deformity of wrong-doing, of the dignity of universal justice, of the might of moral principle, of the immutableness of truth, of immortality, and of the inward sources of happiness; these revelations, awakening a thirst for something higher than he is or has, come of themselves to an humble, self-improving man. Sometimes a common scene in nature, one of the common relations of life, will open itself to us with a brightness and pregnancy of meaning unknown before. Sometimes a thought of this kind forms an era in life. It changes the whole future course. It is a new creation. And these great ideas are not confined to men of any class. They are communications of the Infinite Mind to all minds which are open to their reception; and labour is a far better condition for their reception than luxurious or fashionable life. It is even better than a studious life, when this fosters vanity, pride, and the spirit of jealous competition. A childlike simplicity attracts these revelations more than a selfish culture of intellect, however far extended.

*William Ellery Channing.*

If we stay at home and mind our business, who will want railroads? We do not ride on the railroad; it rides upon us.

*H. D. Thoreau.*

## THE VALUE OF

To give up the ancestral hearth, to let the family traditions fall into desuetude, to abandon the simple domestic customs, for whatever return, is to make a fool's bargain; and such is the place in society of family life, that if this be impoverished, the trouble is felt throughout the whole social organism.

*Charles Wagner.*

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

*Oliver Goldsmith.*

Culture is the human soul grown ripe. It is the complete nature at its richest, fully unfolded, evenly balanced, wisely directed, adjusted. The cultured life is the trained life, the finished life, but ever and everywhere the simple life.

*Malcolm J. McLeod.*

Be sure if you do your very best in that which is laid upon you daily you will not be left without help when some mightier occasion arises.

*Jean Nicolas Grou.*

## SIMPLICITY

If a man has anything to say or do, it drops from him simply and directly, as a stone falls to the ground. There are no two ways about it, but down it comes.

*H. D. Thoreau.*

Like the star
That shines afar,
Without haste
And without rest,
Let each man wheel, with steady sway,
Round the task that rules the day,
And do his best.

*Goethe.*

In the midst of our artifice and hypocrisy, Jesus points us to the little children, and exhorts us to be true. In the midst of our self-dissection and self-contemplation, Jesus calls us to be natural, unaffected, simple, and sincere. In the midst of our half-heartedness, Jesus bids us to be whole. In the midst of our vanity, Jesus tells us to look around, and with a wondering childlike gaze forget ourselves in all the marvels of this God-filled world. How shall we turn yet once again and become like little children? . . . Let but the sweet remembrance of your purer days work their own way within you. Let the bright face of childhood preach its own expressive sermon to your soul.

*E. M. Geldart.*

## THE VALUE OF

My daily task, whatever it be, that is what mainly educates me. All other culture is mere luxury compared with what that gives. That gives the Indispensables. Yet, fool that I am, this pressure of my daily task is the very thing that I so growl at as my "Drudgery!"

*William C. Gannett.*

I marvel not that sadder grows the world,
For men have lost the love of simple things,
With eloquence of Nature's music mute,
With speed of waterways made bond to trade,
With stately trees brought low for needless heaps,
With flowers forced untimely into bloom, —
What is there honest, free, and fair remaining?
We stifle in our towns of prisoned air
And happy with a rare glance from the earth
We see a square of blue or curdled cloud,
Or niggard stretch of moonlight through a street.
At manners of the hill-bound kind we scoff,
Although we know not what those hills have taught
Of dumb and deep content for city's towers.
And in these keeps of pain, disease, and sin,
These wards of grief whose keys are our own eyes,
With blanched regard we tell ourselves we live.
O mother of us all, from whom we went
As early as our tender steps were free,

## SIMPLICITY

Whose near outstretch of arm we put aside
To hurry from thy verdant aisles of peace,
Take us again, us sick with thought or craft,
And lull us with thy choirs of careless birds.

*Philip Becker Goetz.*

Blest be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good.

*Oliver Goldsmith.*

Simplicity is not sour, or gloomy. Simplicity does not wish us to disrobe ourselves of all the fine array of civilization. It only demands that we try to keep in mind the things which really make for our best welfare, and set aside the things which are so many impediments in our way.

*Felix Adler.*

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

*Thomas Gray.*

## THE VALUE OF

To sum up the necessities of most men, a few concise lines would answer. Their régime is in general of supreme simplicity, and so long as they follow it, all is well with them, as with every obedient child of Mother Nature. Let them depart from it, complications arise, health fails, gaiety vanishes. Only simple and natural living can keep a body in full vigour.

*Charles Wagner.*

Perfectly valid are the two words into which at the end of his book Pastor Wagner condenses the message which he seeks to deliver, the two words which express the essence of the simple life: REMEMBER! FORGET! Forget the things which at heart you do not care for. Remember the things which you do care for. Forget the accessories. Remember the essentials!

*Felix Adler.*

No pure and simple life, true to itself, true to its Maker, was ever lived on this earth, that was not a voice on God's behalf, however still and small; and that did not, in its sincere and humble way, declare a hope and reveal a faith which might well be the evidence of things unseen.

*Alexander Gordon.*

## SIMPLICITY

I said to a craftsman in New York last week: "Why do you only do the very costly things?" He replied: "In order to meet the market." Then I pushed my inquiry further. "What are you doing to meet the other, the larger, market? The market of the people?" Then he argued: "I acknowledge that is my defect. I had to make a choice. I could not do both." "But do you feel that as a craftsman you have done much until you have reached your hands out both ways?" "I suppose not. There you are probably right. I would prefer the other course, but it offers me too many difficulties." That is just the point. I know the prospect I open to my binder friend is not at the outset a very alluring one. It does not invite the craftsman to a bed of ease. It means struggle and a good many failures. It means struggle and finally means success. Yet it is the only victory worth while. Any other victory is in the nature of a defeat.

*Horace Traubel.*

Nothing destroys the weight of example as much as labour to make it striking and observed. Goodness, to be interesting, must be humble, modest, unassuming, not fond of show, not waiting for great and conspicuous occasions, but disclosing itself without labour and without design, in pious and benevolent offices, so simple, so

minute, so steady, so habitual, that they will carry a conviction of the singleness and purity of the heart from which they proceed. Such goodness is never lost. It glorifies itself by the very humility which encircles it, just as the lights of heaven often break with peculiar splendour through the cloud which threatened to obscure them.

*William Ellery Channing.*

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men

. . . . . .

Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

*William Wordsworth.*

The charm of the Indian to me is that he stands free and unconstrained in nature, is her inhabitant and not her guest, and wears her easily and gracefully. But the civilized man has the habits

of the house. His house is a prison, in which he finds himself oppressed and confined, not sheltered and protected. He walks as if he sustained the roof; he carries his arms as if the walls would fall in and crush him, and his feet remember the cellar beneath. His muscles are never relaxed. It is rare that he overcomes the house, and learns to sit at home in it, and roof and floor and walls support themselves, as the sky and trees and earth.

*H. D. Thoreau.*

Simple is not synonymous with ugly, any more than sumptuous, stylish, and costly are synonymous with beautiful. Our eyes are wounded by the crying spectacle of gaudy ornament, venal art and senseless and graceless luxury. Wealth coupled with bad taste sometimes makes us regret that so much money is in circulation to provoke the creation of such a prodigality of horrors.

*Charles Wagner.*

Thoreau says that there is nothing like manual labour for taking the vain twists and kinks out of one's tongue and wrists. "Learn to split wood at least. Steady labour with the hands, which engrosses the attention also, is unquestion-

ably the best method of removing palaver and sentimentality out of one's style both of speaking and writing." And rare as is the charm of really good manners, it is most often I think to be found — sometimes quite in perfection — amongst manual workers: a real and free exchange of human interest, the art that ceases to be art and becomes nature.

*Edward Carpenter.*

We overload our table. The fashion of dinners with many courses is the outgrowth, not of desire, nor of real pleasure, but of vanity on the part of the hosts, of a wish to follow the example of others who have set this fashion, and to display magnificence as a host, and not to fall below the accepted standard of hospitality.

These overloaded tables are an impertinence. We should be better off, physically, morally, and in every way, if our dinners were less elaborate than they are.

*Felix Adler.*

I do not ask for any crown
But that which all may win,
Nor seek to conquer any world
Except the one within.

*Louisa May Alcott.*

## SIMPLICITY

From scenes like these, old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God;"
And certes, in fair Virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of Hell, in wickedness refin'd!

*Robert Burns.*

Hast thou named all the birds without a gun?
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk?
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse?
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust?
And loved so well a high behaviour,
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,
Nobility more nobly to repay?
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine!

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Some one notes that happiness and simplicity are old-time friends, and wiser words are rarely spoken. Happiness is found everywhere, but she prefers the common place — the quiet lane, the restful river, the simple toil and tool and task. She leans rather to the cottage than to the castle.

*Malcolm J. McLeod.*

For this is Love's nobility:
Not to scatter bread and gold,
Goods and raiment, bought and sold;
But to hold fast our simple sense,
And speak the speech of innocence.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Foppish and fantastic ornaments are only indications of vice, not criminal in themselves. Extinguish vanity in the mind, and you naturally retrench the little superfluities of garniture and equipage. The blossoms will fall of themselves, when the root that nourished them is destroyed.

*Joseph Addison.*

I weigh not fortune's frown or smile;
I joy not much in earthly joys;
I seek not state, I reck not style;
I am not fond of fancy's toys:
I rest so pleased with what I have
I wish no more, no more I crave.

I quake not at the thunder's crack;
I tremble not at noise of war;
I swound not at the news of wrack;
I shrink not at a blazing star;
I fear not loss, I hope not gain,
I envy none, I none disdain.

## SIMPLICITY

I see ambition never pleased;
  I see some Tantals starved in store;
I see gold's dropsy seldom eased;
  I see even Midas gape for more;
I neither want nor yet abound, —
Enough's a feast, content is crowned.

I feign not friendship where I hate;
  I fawn not on the great (in show);
I prize, I praise a mean estate, —
  Neither too lofty nor too low:
This, this is all my choice, my cheer, —
A mind content, a conscience clear.

*Joshua Sylvester.*

"Is not this the carpenter?" As though no words of wisdom or works of power could come from a carpenter! If Jesus had been a rabbi, in a scholar's robe, it would have been another thing. Yes; and what another thing for us, and for all the world's workers! Celsus sneered at the carpenter, and said that word proved he was an impostor. How could God so demean Himself? But the world has left Celsus behind, along with the critics of Nazareth, and blesses God for the gentleness and comfort, the sympathy and hope, which were given to us by the hands of the carpenter.

It suits our best sense that the one who spoke

of "putting the hand to the plough," and "taking the yoke upon us," should have made ploughs and yokes Himself, and people do not think His words less heavenly for not smelling of books and lamps. Let us not make the mistake of those Nazarenes. That Jesus was a carpenter, was to them poor credentials of divinity, but it has been divine credentials to the poor ever since. Let us not be deceived by social ratings and badges of the schools. Hundreds of doors are not to be opened by Phi Beta Kappa keys.

*Maltbie Davenport Babcock.*

Secure a good name to thyself by living virtuously and humbly; but let this good name be nursed abroad, and never be brought home to look upon it; let others use it for their own advantage; let them speak of it if they please; but do not thou use it at all but as an instrument to do God glory, and thy neighbour more advantage. Let thy face, like Moses', shine to others, but make no looking-glass for thyself.

*Jeremy Taylor.*

A true perception of the Gospel is the entire forgetfulness of self: utter absence of any pretension, and the complete and entire refusal to accept the world's praise or judgment.

*General Gordon.*

## SIMPLICITY

I suspect after all it makes but little difference to which school you go, whether to the woods or to the city. A sincere man learns pretty much the same things in both places.

*John Burroughs.*

If I do what I may in earnest I need not mourn if I work no great work on the earth. To help the growth of a thought that struggles toward the light; to brush with gentle hand the earth stain from the white of one snowdrop — such be my ambition!

*George Macdonald.*

It is pitiable to think of the devices that people resort to in order to live a lie and to foist themselves upon the public for what they are not. There seems to be no limit to the depths of silliness, meanness, falsity, and dishonour to which the straining for appearances will not lead. Not long ago a "smart" young man was heard bragging how he had not paid a dollar for room rent in three years. He said that all he had to do was to dress well, take a large, good-looking trunk to his room, stave off the landlady with smooth words as long as he could, and then leave an empty trunk and steal away to another part of the city to work the same

game. A young lawyer says that, by adopting similar means, he has been able to dodge his rent for many months. Another boasts how skilfully he can dupe fashionable tailors into giving him credit by the plausible stories he tells them.

*Orison J. Marden.*

There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.

*Oliver Goldsmith.*

On a wedding-day the unessential things are crowded to the front, the runnings to and fro, the preparation of a feast, the dressing, the carriages; and everything else receives more attention than that which should be the principal concern. Often a crowd is invited, a crowd of persons who are almost strangers, or who, at any rate, are

quite indifferent, and have no business there, who merely interfere. The most solemn day in two persons' lives is spoiled because we do not stop to think that true life consists in giving point to the things which are important, and not allowing the things which are unimportant to occupy the mind. Is not a simple wedding better, a simple wedding in which there is beauty, solemnity, and joy shared by those into whose lives it fittingly comes and not by the indifferent, to whom the parents owe social obligations?

*Felix Adler.*

From the cradle to the grave, in his needs as in his pleasures, in his conception of the world and of himself, the man of modern times struggles through a maze of endless complication. Nothing is simple any longer; neither thought nor action; not pleasure, not even dying. With our own hands we have added to existence a train of hardships.

*Charles Wagner.*

All the works of God are characterized by great and even amazing simplicity, when we contemplate their extent; and the wonder is, not that the original ideas in reference to which they are constituted are so many, but that they are so few.

*H. Winslow.*

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their incessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of Repose.

*Andrew Marvell.*

They all were looking for a king
To slay their foes and lift them high:
Thou cam'st, a little baby thing
That made a woman cry.

O Son of Man, to right my lot
Naught but Thy presence can avail;
Yet on the road Thy wheels are not,
Nor on the sea Thy sail!

*George Macdonald.*

We make those with whom we associate happy or miserable in their association with us by the little things we say or do not say, the insignificant things we do or do not do. The innuendoes, the curl of the lip, the tone of the voice, the movement of a finger — these things are more important than the great things about which we are so careful.

*Minot J. Savage.*

## SIMPLICITY

If we suppose that there are spirits or angels who look into the ways of men, as it is highly probable there are, both from reason and revelation, how different are the notions which they entertain of us, from those which we are apt to form of one another? Were they to give us their catalogue of such worthies as are now living, how different would it be from that which any of our own species would draw up?

*The Spectator.*

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

*J. G. Whittier.*

How many of us are there who do not care more for an artist's sketches than for his finished work? Rodin's distinction lies in the fact that he knows when he has said all that he can say joyously, and the result, whether it is rough or fine, tells its story — not necessarily our story, but Rodin's story. Its individuality may indeed make it caviare to the general — at least until the "general" shall become artsmen themselves. And that is just the mischief with our mechanical and unindividual age. It must overornament and overfinish to meet a market which shows a general and inevitable lack of individual taste.

*Will Price.*

## THE VALUE OF

What material things does a man need to live under the best conditions? A healthful diet, simple clothing, a sanitary dwelling-place, air and exercise.

*Charles Wagner.*

Wisely and well spake Abraham Davenport,
Straight to the question, with no figures of speech
Save the ten Arab signs.

*J. G. Whittier.*

Now I yearn for one of those old, meandering, dry, uninhabited roads, which lead away from towns, which lead us away from temptation, which conduct us to the outside of earth, over its uppermost crust; where you may forget in what country you are travelling; where your head is more in heaven than your feet are on earth; where you can pace when your breast is full, and cherish your moodiness. . . . There I can walk and recover the lost child that I am without any ringing of a bell.

*H. D. Thoreau.*

Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil.

*Shakespeare.*

## SIMPLICITY

Any simple, unquestioned mode of life is alluring to men. The man who picks peas steadily for a living is more than respectable. He is to be envied by his neighbours.

*H. D. Thoreau.*

Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
And, live we how we can, yet die we must.

*Shakespeare.*

And still to childhood's sweet appeal
The heart of genius turns,
And more than all the sages teach
From lisping voices learns.

*J. G. Whittier.*

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven, 'twas all he wish'd, a friend.

*Thomas Gray.*

I should be pleased to meet man in the woods. I wish he were to be encountered like wild caribous and moose.

Of what consequence whether I stand on London bridge for the next century, or look into the depths of this bubbling spring which I have laid open with my hoe?

*H. D. Thoreau.*

What, stand with slackened hands and fallen heart before the littleness of your service! Too little, is it, to be perfect in it? Would you, then, if you were Master, risk a greater treasure in the hands of such a man? Oh, there is no man, no woman, so small that they cannot make their life great by high endeavour; no sick crippled child in its bed that cannot fill a niche of service that way in the world. This is the beginning of all Gospels — that the kingdom of Heaven is at hand just where we are. It is just as near us as our work is, for the gate of Heaven for each soul lies in the endeavour to do that work perfectly.

*William C. Gannett.*

Never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.

*Shakespeare.*

## SIMPLICITY

Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye!
— The lovely cottage in the guardian nook
Hath stirr'd thee deeply; with its own dear brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!

But covet not the abode — O do not sigh
As many do, repining while they look;
Intruders who would tear from Nature's book
This precious leaf with harsh impiety:

— Think what the home would be if it were thine,
Even thine, though few thy wants! — Roof, window, door,
The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,

The roses to the porch which they entwine:
Yea, all that now enchants thee, from the day
On which it should be touch'd would melt away!

*William Wordsworth.*

To give pleasure to others and take it ourselves, we have to begin by removing the ego, which is hateful, and then keep it in chains as long as the diversions last. There is no worse kill-joy than the ego. We must be good children, sweet and kind, button our coats over our medals and titles, and with our whole heart put ourselves at the disposal of others.

*Charles Wagner.*

## THE VALUE OF

Aurelia, though a woman of great quality, delights in the privacy of a country life, and passes away a great part of her time in her own walks and gardens. Her husband, who is her bosom friend and companion in her solitude, has been in love with her ever since he knew her. They both abound with good sense, consummate virtue, and a mutual esteem; and are a perpetual entertainment to one another. Their family is under so regular an economy, in its hours of devotion and repast, employment and diversion, that it looks like a little commonwealth within itself. They often go into company, that they may return with the greater delight to one another, and sometimes live in town, not to enjoy it so properly, as to grow weary of it, that they may renew in themselves a relish of a country life. By this means they are happy in each other, beloved by their children, adored by their servants, and are become the envy or rather the delight of all that know them.

*Joseph Addison.*

Ceremony was but devised at first
To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
But where there is true friendship, there needs none.

*Shakespeare.*

## SIMPLICITY

The hope of pleasure in the work itself: how strange that hope must seem to some of my readers — to most of them! Yet I think that to all living things there is a pleasure in the exercise of their energies, and that even beasts rejoice in being lithe and swift and strong. But a man at work, making something which he feels will exist because he is working at it and wills it, is exercising the energies of his mind and soul as well as of his body. Memory and imagination keep him as he works. Not only his own thoughts, but the thoughts of the men of past ages guide his hands; and, as a part of the human race, he creates. If we work thus we shall be men, and our days will be happy and eventful. Thus worthy work carries with it the hope of pleasure in rest, the hope of the pleasure in our using what it makes, and the hope of pleasure in our daily creative skill. All other work but this is worthless; it is slave's work — mere toiling to live, that we may live to toil.

*William Morris.*

Great thoughts hallow any labour. To-day I earned seventy-five cents heaving manure out of a pen, and made a good bargain of it. If the ditcher muses the while how he may live uprightly, the ditching-spade and turf-knife may be engraved on the coat of arms of his posterity.

*H. D. Thoreau.*

## THE VALUE OF

All that glisters is not gold;
Often you have heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old,
Your answer had not been inscroll'd.

*Shakespeare.*

One must have a strong, level head, indeed, to live in a great city without being dazzled or led away by the glitter and show, the false display, and the flaunting of wealth on every hand. It takes a well-poised mind and a steady, well-balanced character to cling to one's aim, to keep dead in earnest through it all, to keep plodding, and to remain true to one's ideals. It takes courage to live a simple, natural life in the midst of superficiality, or to be true to one's self in the midst of unreality, but in the final balancing of accounts it is the only thing that pays.

*Orison S. Marden.*

Go look at a piece of mediaeval work. You will as a rule not find such finish as I have been describing. The Gothic tracery cut in wood shows the sweeping stroke of a sure but not over-

anxious hand. The designs of panels vary not because the workman tried to make them different, but because he could see no sense in making them alike. The old tooled leather is simple to the point of crudeness compared to the overworked leather of to-day, and yet it is infinitely more interesting and splendid.

*Will Price.*

How I love the simple, reserved countrymen, my neighbours, who mind their own business and let me alone; who never waylaid nor shot at me, to my knowledge, when I crossed their fields, though each one has a gun in his house. For nearly two score years I have known at a distance these long-suffering men, whom I never spoke to, who never spoke to me, and now I feel a certain tenderness for them, as if this long probation were but the prelude to an eternal friendship. What a long trial we have withstood, and how much more admirable we are to each other, perchance, than if we had been bedfellows. I am not only grateful because Homer and Shakespeare have lived, but I am grateful for Minott, and Rice, and Melvin, and Goodwin, and Puffer even. I see Melvin all alone filling his sphere in russet suit, which no other would fill or suggest. He takes up as much room in nature as the most famous.

*H. D. Thoreau.*

## THE VALUE OF

True, we can never be at peace till we have performed the highest duty of all, — till we have arisen, and gone to our Father; but the performance of smaller duties, yes, even of the smallest, will do more to give us temporary repose, will act more as healthful anodynes, than the greatest joys that can come to us from any other quarter.

*George Macdonald.*

Has not everything in creation its own place and hour? Who would venture to say that a potato is inferior to a pomegranate? Decadence set in from the moment that art, which was in point of fact the child of nature, became the supreme goal, and men took some great artist for their model, forgetting that his eyes had been fixed on the infinite. They talked of working from nature, but they approached her in a conventional form. If, for instance, they wished to paint an open-air subject, they copied the model indoors, without reflecting that the light of the atelier had little in common with the all-pervading light of open day. Artists would never have been so easily satisfied had they been moved by a really deep emotion. For since what is infinite can only be expressed by a faithful record of actual fact, this falsehood nullified all their efforts. There can be no isolated truth. From

the moment that technical merits were made the first object in painting, one thing became clear: any one who had acquired considerable anatomical knowledge tried to bring this side of his art forward and was loudly praised. No one reflected that these admirable qualities ought to have been used, like everything else, to express ideas. Instead of trying to express definite thoughts, the successful artist drew up his programme and chose subjects which afforded opportunities for the display of his own skilful handicraft. And instead of using knowledge as the handmaid of thought, thought itself was stifled under a brilliant display of fireworks. One artist copied another, and the fashion became general.

*Jean Francois Millet.*

All nature is classic and akin to art; the sumach and pine and hickory which surround my house remind me of the most graceful sculpture. Sometimes their tops, or a single limb or leaf, seem to have grown to a distinct expression, as if it were a symbol for me to interpret.

Poetry, Painting, and Sculpture claim at once and associate with themselves those perfect specimens of the art of nature, — leaves, vines, acorns, pine-cones, etc.

*H. D. Thoreau.*

## THE VALUE OF

If it were possible to make all understand that the ideal society is not something in the circle in which we do not move, or in the great city which lies a little beyond our horizon, but just around us in our immediate vicinity, a great step would be taken toward "the simple life." If we would have delightful companions, they can be found in our neighbours' houses. If we seek sympathetic friends, they are really amongst those we already know — if we ourselves are prepared to give them unselfish and disinterested friendship.

*John Brisben Walker.*

## FOR ONE RETIRED INTO THE COUNTRY

Hence, lying world, with all thy care,
With all thy shows of good and fair,
Of beautiful or great!
Stand with thy slighted charms aloof,
Nor dare invade my peaceful roof,
Or trouble my retreat.

Far from thy mad fantastic ways
I here have found a resting-place
Of poor wayfaring men:
Calm as the hermit in his grot
I here enjoy my happy lot,
And solid pleasures gain.

*Charles Wesley.*

## SIMPLICITY

The Greek, proceeding from the bosom of nature, attained to art when he had made himself independent of the immediate influence of nature. We, violently debarred from nature, and proceeding from the dull ground of a heaven-rid and juristic civilization, shall first reach art when we completely turn our backs on such a civilization, and once more cast ourselves, with conscious bent, into the arms of nature.

*Richard Wagner.*

True happiness is of a retired nature, and an enemy to pomp and noise; it arises, in the first place, from the enjoyment of one's self; and in the next, from the friendship and conversation of a few select companions: it loves shade and solitude, and naturally haunts groves and fountains, fields and meadows: in short, it feels everything it wants within itself, and receives no addition from multitudes of witnesses and spectators. On the contrary, false happiness loves to be in a crowd, and to draw the eyes of the world upon her. She does not receive any satisfaction from the applauses which she gives herself, but from the admiration she raises in others. She flourishes in courts and palaces, theatres and assemblies, and has no existence but when she is looked upon.

*Joseph Addison.*

## THE VALUE OF

I am only a dentist. I doubt if I could make a good chair without long apprenticeship. But I have schooled myself to like even the disagreeable features of my daily work and find the greatest satisfaction in restoring the lost contour of a tooth, or the lost contour of a face, by inventing for each case brought before me suitable plans for replacing and restoring what has been lost. My work has led me into sympathy with many arts. I must handle gold with the jeweler. I must handle wax and plaster with the sculptor and carver. I must follow the machinist and tool maker in the construction of mechanical appliances, motors, and time-saving short cuts in tools made at a moment's notice to cover a special case.

*Percival Wiksell.*

"What shall I do to gain eternal life?"
"Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife,
Yea, with thy might."

*Schiller.*

Whenever a mind is simple and receives a divine wisdom, then old things pass away,—means, teachers, texts, temples fall; it lives now, and absorbs past and future into the present hour.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

## SIMPLICITY

Brilliancy is a good thing. So is genius. But normally what we want is not genius, but the faculty of seeing that we know how to apply the copy-book moralities that we write down, and as long as we think of them only as fit for the copy-book there is not much use in us.

*Theodore Roosevelt.*

For everything that is given something is taken. Society acquires new arts and loses old instincts. What a contrast between the well-clad, reading, writing, thinking American, with a watch, a pencil, and a bill of exchange in his pocket, and the naked New Zealander, whose property is a club, a spear, a mat, and an undivided twentieth of a shed to sleep under. But compare the health of the two men and you shall see that his aboriginal strength, the white man has lost. If the traveller tell us truly, strike the savage with a broadaxe and in a day or two the flesh shall unite and heal as if you struck the blow into soft pitch, and the same blow shall send the white to his grave.

The civilized man has built a coach, but has lost the use of his feet. He is supported on crutches, but lacks so much support of muscle. He has got a fine Geneva watch, but he has lost the skill to tell the hour by the sun. A Greenwich nautical almanac he has, and so being sure

of the information when he wants it, the man in the street does not know a star in the sky. The solstice he does not observe; the equinox he knows as little; and the whole bright calendar of the year is without a dial in his mind. His note-books impair his memory; his libraries overload his wit; the insurance office increases the number of accidents; and it may be a question whether machinery does not encumber; whether we have not lost by refinement some energy, by a Christianity intrenched in establishments and forms some vigour of wild virtue.

*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

We are all too gross, too materialistic, too earthly, to comprehend even so much as the rudiments of the life of heaven. And yet it is a perfect simplicity. The happy life of heaven is the life of purified affections, of guileless hearts, of love and trust, beautiful as those that often win us so in little children.

*John Page Hopps.*

Beauty heightened by simplicity is ineffable, and nothing is so adorable as a beauteous, innocent maiden, who walks along unconsciously, holding in her hand the key of Paradise.

*Victor Hugo.*

## SIMPLICITY

What wondrous life is this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head;
The luscious clusters of a vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness;—
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas,
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

*Andrew Marvell.*

Let the question be, not what is popular or expedient, but what is honest, and let that be done though the heavens fall.

This is the rule of that best society which makes no ostentatious display, and indulges in no sham tastes or sham enthusiasms, or other unrealities, but is distinguished by simplicity and genuineness.

*Samuel Smith Harris.*

Just to let thy Father do
  What He will;
Just to know that He is true,
  And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
  As He leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
  As it needeth.
Just to trust Him, this is all!
  Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatso'er befall,
  Bright and blessed, calm and free.

*F. R. Havergal.*

If there were only thousands of men fighting in the coat of Henry Thoreau! — possessing a similar Spartan spirit, as upright a life, as independent and simple! Have you felt the cool sense of power and safety that lies in the possession of four or five arts or trades, such as farming, gardening, teaching, editing, typography, wood-chopping?

*William S. Kennedy.*

No man can gauge the value in English life at this present critical time of a steady stream of young men, flowing into all professions and all industries from our public schools, who have

learnt resolutely to use those words so hard to speak in a society such as ours, "I can't afford;" who have been trained to have few wants and to serve these themselves, so that they may have always something to spare of power and of means to help others; who are "careless of the comfits and cushions of life," and content to leave them to the valets of all ranks.

*Thomas Hughes.*

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets —
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

*Shakespeare.*

The simplest ideas are sometimes the most incommunicable. Mankind are so prone to mystery that they create it, and expect to find it where it does not exist; moreover, simplicity is the first thing that is lost, and the last that is regained.

*Acton.*

Not his the soldier's sword to wield,
  Nor his the helm of state,
Nor glory of the stricken field,
  Nor triumph of debate.

In common ways, with common men,
  He served his race and time.

*J. G. Whittier: "Halleck."*

Be simple and modest in your deportment, and treat with indifference whatever lies between virtue and vice.

*Marcus Aurelius.*

She walks in beauty, like the night
  Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that's best of dark and bright
  Meets in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
  Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less
  Had half-impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress
  Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
  How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

*Lord Byron.*

## SIMPLICITY

A fellow of plain, uncoined constancy.

*Shakespeare.*

I ask for simplicity in literature, not only as one of the best remedies for the dejection of our souls — blasés, jaded, weary of eccentricities — but also as a pledge and source of social union. I ask also for simplicity in art. Our art and our literature are reserved for the privileged few of education and fortune.

*Charles Wagner.*

Our life is frittered away by detail. An honest man has hardly need to count more than his ten fingers, or in extreme cases he may add his ten toes, and lump the rest. Simplicity, simplicity, simplicity! I say, let your affairs be as two or three, and not a hundred or a thousand; instead of a million count half a dozen, and keep your accounts on your thumb-nail.

*H. D. Thoreau.*

Very few modern lyrics possess the singing quality. The term "lyric verse," as used to-day, is a misnomer. It is as intricate in form and phrase as if not consecrated to the lyre by poets in the dawn of art. The divorce between poetry and song grows more absolute year by year;

composers search almost vainly through modern volumes of verse for lyrics that combine the melody and feeling, the spontaneity and grace, indispensable to song. It is not that the modern poet is unable to produce such, but that he does not choose. It has gone out of fashion, to state the case quite frankly, to write with a singing cadence; something rare and strange must issue from the poet's lips, something inobvious. Art lurks in surprises, and the poet of to-day must be a diviner of mysteries, a searcher of secrets, in nature and humanity and truth, and a revealer of them in his art, though he reveal ofttimes but to conceal.

*Jessie B. Rittenhouse.*

Simplicity is that grace which frees the soul from all unnecessary reflections upon itself.

*Fénelon.*

Up! up, my friend! and quit your books,
  Or surely you'll grow double;
Up! up, my friend! and clear your looks!
  Why all this toil and trouble?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
  A freshening lustre mellow
Through all the long green fields has spread,
  His first sweet evening yellow.

## SIMPLICITY

Books! 'tis a dull and endless strife;
  Come, hear the woodland linnet —
How sweet his music! on my life,
  There's more of wisdom in it!

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
  He, too, is no mean preacher;
Come forth into the light of things —
  Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
  Our minds and hearts to bless, —
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
  Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
  May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
  Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which nature brings;
  Our meddling intellect
Misshapes the beauteous forms of things —
  We murder to dissect.

Enough of science and of art;
  Close up those barren leaves;
Come forth, and bring with you a heart
  That watches and receives.

*William Wordsworth.*

## THE VALUE OF

Simplicity, innocence, industry, temperance, are arts that lead to tranquillity, as much as learning, knowledge, wisdom, and contemplation. A noble simplicity in discourse is a talent rare, and above the reach of ordinary men.

*Benjamin Franklin.*

O reader! had you in your mind
Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle reader! you would find
A tale in everything.

*William Wordsworth.*

So bandaged, and hampered, and hemmed in with a thousand requisitions, obligations, straps, tatters, and tag-rags, I can neither see nor move: not my own am I, but the World's; and time flies fast, and Heaven is high, and Hell is deep: Man! bethink thee, if thou hast power of thought! Why not! what binds me here? Want! Want! Ha, of what? Will all the shoe wages under the Moon ferry me across into that far land of light? Only meditation can, and devout prayer to God.

I will to the woods; the hollow of a tree will lodge me, wild berries feed me; and for Clothes, can not I stitch myself one perennial suit of Leather?

*Thomas Carlyle.*

## SIMPLICITY

Language has but one function, and that is to help another to understand what passes in the speaker's breast. What though he is surrounded with the incomprehensible? Is he, therefore, authorized to speak in an unknown tongue? Amid the vague and the obscure, are there not facts, principles, realities, of unutterable moment, on which he and others may lay hold? Even when he catches broken glimpses, he can report these simply and faithfully, so as to be apprehended by a prepared mind. The more difficult the subject, the more anxiously the art of clear expression should be cultivated; and the pulpit, which gathers together the multitude, and addresses its rapid instruction to the ear, demands such culture above all other spheres. This is the last place for dark sayings; and yet he who carefully studies expression, will find the pulpit a place for communicating a great amount of profound and soul-stirring thought to the world.

*William Ellery Channing.*

"What she could" — not what she could not do — not what she thought might be done — not what she would like to do — not what she would do if she had more time — not what somebody else thought she ought to do — but "what she could."

*W. A. Shipman.*

## THE VALUE OF

Constant discipline in unnoticed ways, and the spirit's silent unselfishness, becoming the hidden habit of the life, give to it its true saintly beauty, and this is the result of care and lowly love in little things. Perfection is attained most readily by this constancy of religious faithfulness in all minor details of life, consecrating the daily efforts of self-forgetting love.

*T. T. Carter.*

Goodness and greatness are not means, but ends!
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good, great man? Three treasures — Love and Light,
And calm Thoughts, regular as infants' breath;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and night —
Himself, his Maker and the Angel Death.

*S. T. Coleridge.*

Singleness of heart is that species of simplicity which is altogether to be admired.

*G. Crabb.*

We want to be doing what we fancy mighty things; but the great point is, to do small things, when called to them, in a right spirit.

*R. Cecil.*

## SIMPLICITY

Simplicity is an uprightness of soul which checks all useless dwelling upon one's self and one's actions. It is different from sincerity, which is a much lower virtue. We see many people who are sincere without being simple; they say nothing but what they believe to be true, and do not aim at appearing anything but what they are; but they are always in fear of passing for something they are not; they are always thinking about themselves, weighing all their words and thoughts, and dwelling upon what they have done in the fear of having done too much or too little.

*Fénelon.*

When I thread my way along the crowded thoroughfare, leaving Carnegie Hall this morning, on the way to my home; or to-morrow, walking down our main street, and find my every sense assaulted by the din and the noise and rushing, and the blare of it; when I see in this New York the evidence of increased material wealth on every hand, palaces going up on every side, pride and vanity displaying themselves, and people absorbed in it more and more, I ask myself whether it is of any use to preach the doctrine of simplicity in such environments, whether it is not a preposterous incongruity to do so, whether it would not be better to wait until a lull

somehow takes place and the mad rush is checked, and men's minds are more open to the reception of such seed. But on the other hand, I cannot help feeling that just because the pace at which we are moving is so mad, there is bound to be, there is already setting in, a reaction. The fifty thousand readers of Pastor Wagner's book seem to prove that there is the beginning of such a reaction, that there are numbers of people who are appalled at the way the current is sweeping them along, and who would like to get away from the rush and are considering whether it is not time for them to take the helm in hand and steer their own life, instead of allowing themselves to be swept away, and who are asking by what chart they shall steer.

*Felix Adler.*

Oh! look not after great things: small breathings, small desires after the Lord, if true and pure, are sweet beginnings of life. Take heed of despising "the day of small things," by looking after some great visitation, proportionable to thy distress, according to thy eye. Nay, thou must become a child; thou must lose thy own will quite by degrees. Thou must wait for life to be measured out by the Father, and be content with what proportion, and at what time, He shall please to measure.

*I. Penington.*

## SIMPLICITY

What should a man desire to leave?
A flawless work; a noble life;
Some music harmonized from strife,
Some finished thing, ere the slack hands at eve
Drop, should be his to leave.

. . . . . .

Or, in life's homeliest, meanest spot,
With temperate step from year to year
To move within his little sphere,
Leaving a pure name to be known, or not,—
This is a true man's lot.

*Francis Turner Palgrave.*

Bouhours, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the French critics, has taken pains to show that it is impossible for any thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its foundation in the nature of things; that the basis of all wit is truth, and that no thought can be valuable of which good sense is not the groundwork. Boileau has endeavoured to inculcate the same notion in several parts of his writings, both in prose and verse. This is that natural way of writing, that beautiful simplicity, which we so much admire in the compositions of the ancients; and which nobody deviates from but those who want strength of genius to make a thought shine in its own natural beauties. Poets, who want this strength of

genius to give that majestic simplicity to nature, which we so much admire in the works of the ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign ornaments, and not to let any piece of wit of what kind soever escape them. I look upon these writers as Goths in poetry, who like those in architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful simplicity of the old Greeks and Romans, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the extravagancies of an irregular fancy.

*Joseph Addison.*

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staffe of faith to lean upon,
My script of joye — immortal diet —
My bottle of salvation,
My gown of glory, hope's true gage; —
And thus I take my pilgrimage.

*Sir Walter Raleigh.*

I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add anything that can be ornamental to what is already the masterpiece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes; lighted

it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described, and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribands, and bonelace.

*Joseph Addison.*

He that is moderate in his wishes from reason and choice, and not resigned from sourness, distaste or disappointment, doubles all the pleasures of his life. The air, the season, a sunshiny day, or a fair prospect, are instances of happiness, and that which he enjoys in common with all the world (by his exemption from the enchantments by which all the world are bewitched) are to him uncommon benefits and new acquisitions. Health is not eaten up with care, nor pleasure interrupted by envy. It is not to him of any consequence what this man is famed for, or for what the other is preferred. He knows there is in such a place an uninterrupted walk; he can meet in such a

company an agreeable conversation. He has no emulation, he is no man's rival, but every man's well-wisher; can look at a prosperous man with a pleasure in reflecting that he hopes he is as happy as himself; and has his mind and his fortune, as far as prudence will allow, open to the unhappy and to the stranger.

*Richard Steele.*

Oh! be little, be little; and then thou wilt be content with little; and if thou feel, now and then, a check or a secret smiting, — in that is the Father's love; be not overwise, nor over-eager, in thy own willing, running, and desiring, and thou mayest feel it so; and by degrees come to the knowledge of thy Guide, who will lead thee, step by step, in the path of life, and teach thee to follow. Be still, and wait for light and strength.

*I. Penington.*

## THE RETIREMENT

Farewell, thou busy world, and may
We never meet again;
Here I can eat and sleep and pray,
And do more good in one short day
Than he who his whole age outwears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vanity and vice appears.

## SIMPLICITY

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What peace, what unanimity!
How innocent from the lewd fashion
Is all our business, all our recreation!

O, how happy here's our leisure!
O, how innocent our pleasure!
O ye valleys! O ye mountains!
O ye groves, and crystal fountains!
How I love, at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye!

*Charles Cotton.*

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home;
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.

An exile from home, splendour dazzles in vain;
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,—
Give me them,—and the peace of mind, dearer than all!

*John Howard Payne.*

## THE VALUE OF

### CORIDON'S SONG

Oh, the sweet contentment
The countryman doth find!
That quiet contemplation
Possesseth all my mind;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

For courts are full of flattery,
As hath too oft been tried;
The city full of wantonness,
And both are full of pride:
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

But, oh! the honest countryman
Speaks truly from his heart;
His pride is in his tillage,
His horses and his cart;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

Our clothing is good sheep-skins,
Gray russet for our wives;
'Tis warmth, and not gay clothing,
That doth prolong our lives;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

## SIMPLICITY

The ploughman, though he labour hard,
Yet on the holiday,
No emperor so merrily
Doth pass the time away;
Then care away,
And wend along with me.

. . . . . .

This is not half the happiness
The countryman enjoys;
Though others think they have as much,
Yet he that says so lies;
Then come away, turn
Countryman with me.

*Joseph Chalkhill.*

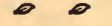
What a pleasure to give true happiness to one's friends by arranging entertainments, not to display one's magnificence nor to prove that one is up to the conventional standard, but in a way to make them really happy! How very rarely does it enter into the thought of one who gives the banquet or reception, to make this group of people enjoy an unclouded hour; to seek to relieve them from care and anxiety. If this were the thought, many things would be done which are not attempted, and other things which are done would be left undone.

*Felix Adler.*

## THE VALUE OF

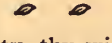
The poor, it is said, are peculiarly incited by their condition to envy; and yet are we sure that there is less envy among the rich, that there are fewer jealousies and heartburnings growing out of competitions and neglects in fashionable life, than spring from indigence? I am not sure that there is more discontent among the needy than among those who abound. I incline to think, that, on the whole, there is among the latter less submission to God's Providence; and for this plain reason, that success and abundance increase self-will.

*William Ellery Channing.*



It is incontestable that in striving against the feverish will to shine, in ceasing to make the satisfaction of our desires the end of our activity, in returning to modest tastes, to the true life, we shall labour for the unity of the family.

*Charles Wagner.*



Ply, Vanity, thy winged feet!
Ambition, hew thy rocky stair!
Who envies him who feeds on air
The icy splendour of his seat?

. . . . . .

Keep to your lofty pedestals!
The safer plain below I choose.

*J. G. Whittier.*

## SIMPLICITY

Let us remember that it is the little things that make up the atmosphere. The kind word to the child, the little faultfinding, the little nagging, — it is just these little tiny things that make the comfort or discomfort of the home.

*Minot J. Savage.*

We ought to pray in simplicity.

*Marcus Aurelius.*

Go on in all simplicity; do not be so anxious to win a quiet mind, and it will be all the quieter. Do not examine so closely into the progress of your soul. Do not crave so much to be perfect, but let your spiritual life be formed by your duties, and by the actions which are called forth by circumstances. Do not take overmuch thought for to-morrow. God, who has led you safely on so far, will lead you on to the end.

*St. Francis de Sales.*

The poor in spirit — the humble, teachable, simple minds that know the bounds of their ignorance, that know the depths of their own sinfulness, that can bear to have their faults corrected, that can look afar off and not claim any spiritual perfections that do not belong to them, that are content with saying, in silence and

solitude, "God be merciful to me a sinner" — these little thought-of men, despised often both by the religious and irreligious, have their place in "the kingdom of God," which, as by rightful possession, is "theirs."

*Dean Stanley.*

The fewer our wants, the nearer we resemble the gods.

*Socrates.*

## RETIREMENT

Inscription in a hermitage

Beneath this stony roof reclined,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind;
And while, to shade my lowly cave,
Embowering elms their umbrage wave;
And while the maple dish is mine —
The beechen cup, unstained with wine —
I scorn the gay, licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.

Within my limits, lone and still,
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes and brighter skies,

## SIMPLICITY

To lurk with innocence, she flies,
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

At morn I take my customed round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound,
And every opening primrose count,
That trimly paints my blooming mount;
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brass embossed book,
Portrayed with many a bold deed
Of martyrs, crowned with heavenly meed;
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chant, ere I sleep, my measured hymn,
And at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings, bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff, and amice gray;
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

*Thomas Warton.*

## THE VALUE OF

God keep us through the common days,
The level stretches, white with dust,
When thought is tired, and hands upraise
Their burdens feebly, since they must.
In days of slowly fretting care,
Then most we need the strength of prayer.

*Margaret E. Sangster.*

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,—
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
I fondly ask:—But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies; God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts: who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best: His state

Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:—
They also serve who only stand and wait.

*John Milton.*

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